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MAY 23, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

A NEW PARTY:

Eventually, Why Not Now?

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

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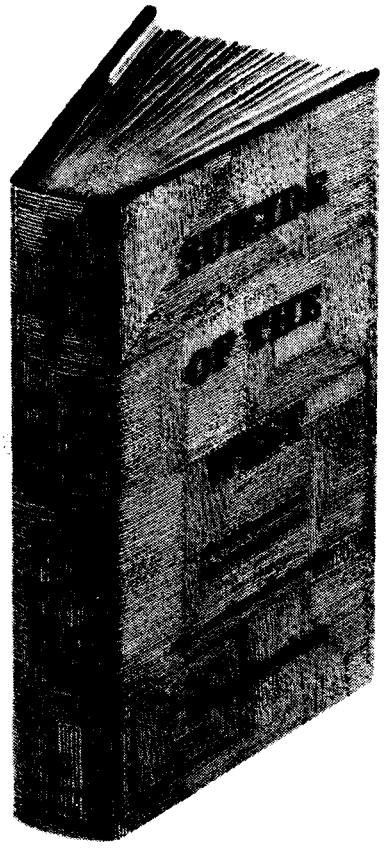

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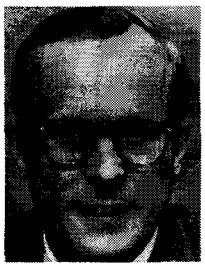

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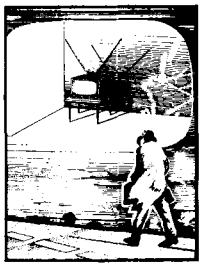

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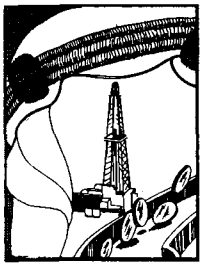

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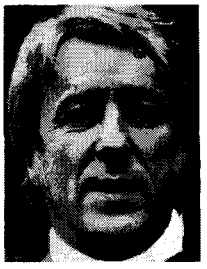

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What this country needs is another major party, one to do to the Republicans what the Republicans did to the Whigs. Both present parties are divided over a principle for which neither can serve as a satisfactory vehicle. Given realism and organization, that principle could be the engine of a triumphant Independence Party.
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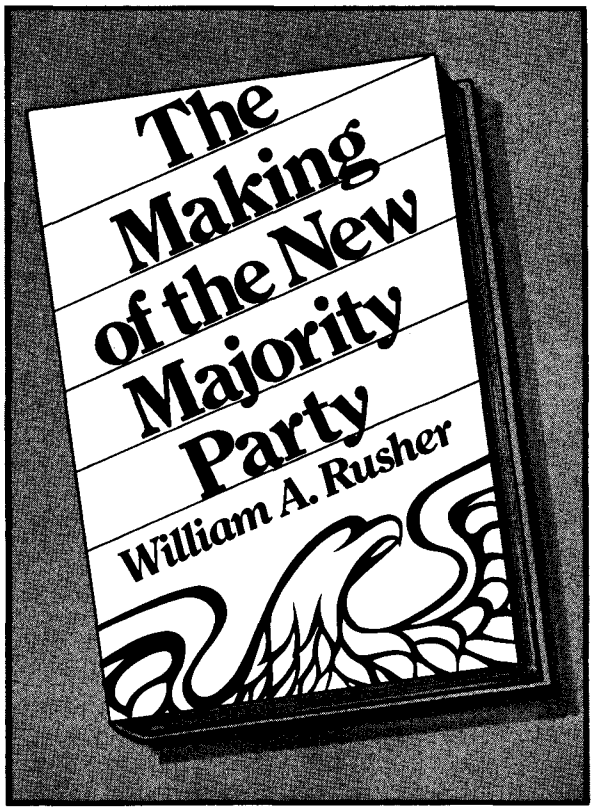
Historical response to new ideas and new inventions seems always the same: it won't work.

Rusher is fully aware that America has had scores of third parties, none of which have worked.

But Rusher cogently responds that a third party presumes the existence of two other viable parties — a point he explicitly rejects. Because the Democratic party stands for practically everything and the Republican party has come to stand for practically nothing, America is essentially a partyless nation.



Here is nothing less than an outline of a coalition of traditional economic conservatives and the more populistic social conservatives agreeing on a wide range of issues. —

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"Yes, the conservatives are ready to go. Not so, the liberals." — *Edward Gilbreth, Chicago Daily News.*

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Letters

Protracted Conflict

D. F. Spencer Jr.'s article, "What Russia Is Up To" [May 9], was the more chilling since I read it with the SAIGON SURRENDERS headlines staring up at me from the morning newspaper. If we didn't have the will to fight a battle everyone could see, shall we have the will to fight one that most of us don't even know about?

Most people who think about defense think in terms of nuclear arms: no surprise, since we're constantly told that conventional war between the major powers is impossible. We forget that just because of the nuclear umbrellas, the important battles now are being fought on sea and land, as the Soviets try to chip away at our defenses and those of our allies.

New York, N.Y. JACQUES DALEMBERT

Wallace!?

M. E. Bradford has done it again. A few weeks ago he spoke of slavery as an issue that's still up in the air. Now he wants a coalition between *us* and *them* ["George Wallace and American Conservatives: The Nexus," April 25]. Heaven forbid. Better a permanent conservative minority party to keep the Republicans honest than a share of such a "victory."

Minneapolis, Minn. MICHAEL QUINN

Airline War

The last of William Rickenbacker's "Warming Up Exercises" [March 14] would have been better unexercised. I agree with his observation that pilots are often frustrated by instructions, or the lack of them, from ground controllers. But to blame the TWA accident near Dulles airport on the pilot's reluctance to ask for clarification and "guessing" what to do rather than be ridiculed is something else. Any experienced pilot who ever made an approach to Dulles doesn't forget the mountains west of the field, doesn't guess about the narrow confines of published minimum altitudes, and doesn't fly into a peak in a pique.

Let the airlines operate their own airports, navigational aids, and traffic control? They can't even operate the aircraft without government subsidies.

Clearwater, Fla. J. P. MCCANN

Trusting Congressmen

Miles Copeland, in his article "Is There a CIA in Your Future?" [March 14], discusses the dilemma faced by those who may be called on to disclose classified information to congressmen who cannot be trusted to protect such information.

Senator Frank Church of the Senate's Select Committee on Government Intelligence Activities seems to share his misgivings. On February 27, Senator Church told the National Press Club at Washington, D.C., that while members of the committee's staff might be fired for disclosing unauthorized information, "he couldn't control the other senators on the committee." At least, so he was reported in the Press Club's publication *Record*.

When a member of the U.S. Senate states publicly that he cannot vouch for other senators on matters involving national security, who is to be blamed if those responsible for national security feel obliged now and then to check on congressmen?

Damascus, Md. HAROLD E. MINER

Vietnam Confusions

In his "Capitol Issues" [April 25] George Will refers to "two threads of contradiction" in President Ford's San Diego press conference remarks on Vietnam and adds: "These confusions will vex our thinking and trouble our politics for some time to come." How true. Yet how much more vexing are Mr. Will's own confusions and his contributions to the current liberal campaign, designed to forestall any assessment of the blame for the grisly Communist victory in Indochina!

The simple fact is that the war in Vietnam was never fought to destroy the enemy but merely to contain him. Had World War II strategists followed the same military policy, we would still be bombing Nazi Germany. On the scattering of occasions when President Nixon went on the offensive—the Cambodia "invasion," the mining of Haiphong, the bombing of Hanoi—the results were dramatic, and it was the Communists' realization that the United States might seriously pursue the goal of victory which led them to sign the Paris Accords.

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If we are to lay any of the blame on a bewitched, bothered, and bewildered American public opinion, we can do so only to the extent that it succumbed to as shameless and unremitting a campaign by the TV networks and the Washington press corps as I have seen in the 35 years that I have been a newspaperman. The facts, the issues, and the consequences of Vietnam were distorted or suppressed by the very people who are now pleading against any assessment of blame.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Beyond Ultima Thule

Sometimes reviewers at *NR* are *so* provoking! As one who inhabits regions far beyond Ultima Thule, I cannot agree with Linda Bridges that fewer productions of Shakespeare would be desirable ["Hard Act to Follow," April 11]. The last professional performance of Shakespeare here in Boston was the National Theatre's *As You Like It*, to which the director had (as Miss Bridges would say) "done violence for the sake of being different" by using an all-male cast. Yet, I'd rather see any version of Shakespeare than none at all. Those fortunate enough to live near Broadway, Brooklyn, and Stratford, Conn. may be tired of seeing Gay Nineties versions of Shakespeare, but it so happens that I emerged from the provinces just to see such a production of *Much Ado about Nothing* two years ago. It was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Send Joseph Papp over *here* if you're sick of him in New York.

Cambridge, Mass. ROSA CUMARE

Watergate Confusions

In "The Week" [April 11], you said: "The Watergate affair, and the consequent backlash liberal Congress . . . opened the floodgates. From that perspective, Watergate, and the way in which it was exploited, may well have been not only a national but a global disaster . . ." This is the clearest analysis of the stakes involved in the Watergate affair that you have ever published (outside of George Will's column).

The results have been catastrophic: a massive loss of the credibility of conservatives (who defended Nixon long after his guilt became obvious), a radical Congress, a much faster decline of American world influence and power than might have been hoped, the hastened fall of Southeast Asia (as you point out), and so on and on. It is bitterly ironic that Nixon in his blunders and his distorted egoism has done more damage to the United States than any of the Communist agents that he began his political career by exposing.

Some nonleftists (myself included) saw what was happening and almost begged conservative leaders to disassociate themselves from Nixon before it was too late. The main hope now is that the rigid ideologues of the Left will discredit themselves (as the McGovernites did) before they destroy what remains of the free world.

New York, N.Y. ALAN G. HILL

Close Enough to Somewhere

Our most charitable guess is that it was D. Keith Mano's hope of being amusing that caused him to distort the reputation of Orange County Community College in the March 14 article on Bella Abzug. OCCC may be "nowhere in particular," but it's close enough to somewhere that Senator James L. Buckley agreed to a speaking date as part of the same series that lent Congresswoman Abzug a platform. As representative of OCCC's educational efforts, Mr. Mano isolated from a semester schedule of some 500 classes three off-campus community service courses taught evenings at no taxpayer expense, and two non-OCCC courses listed in our continuing education bulletin as a courtesy to a nearby public school system. Perhaps had he been covering another speaker, Mr. Mano might have noted that OCCC graduates have transferred to and been graduated by the nation's major colleges, including Yale and Harvard; or that OCCC was the first community college in the country to offer the associate degree nursing program; or that it ranks among the top community colleges in the State University of New York in percentage of entering students completing associate degree programs.

Middletown, N.Y. JOHN J. MCMAHON
Assistant to the President, OCCC

Dona Ei Requiem

I've just read Malachi Martin's "Requiem," as he so euphemistically puts it, for Jacob Bronowski [March 14].

Bronowski seems to have shaken Mr. Martin's faith.

I see little difference in principle between Mr. Martin's attitude and that of Barberini as Pope with respect to Galileo. Nor, for that matter, that of the Nazis with respect to "master racism." Bronowski brought out clearly the corruption of those who would arrogate to themselves all knowledge.

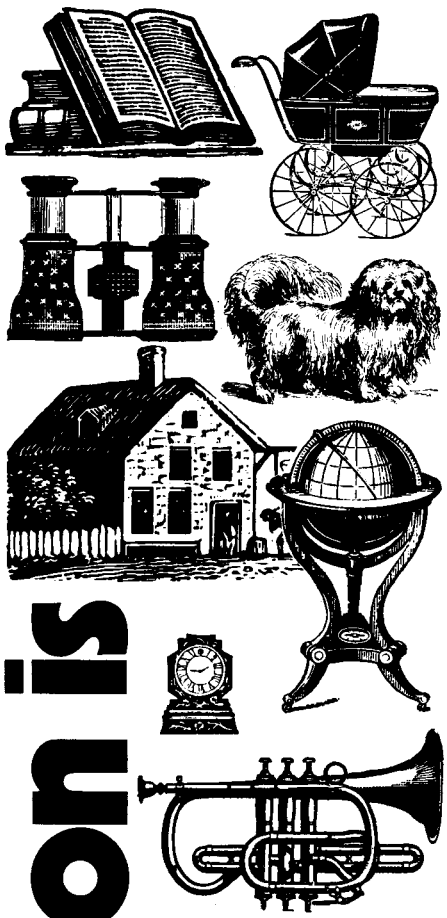
Bronowski brought out also the point that Science is always working at the forward edge, but never reaches full knowledge, however always searching.

Would that religion and social arrangements could be as advanced and as self-understanding!

Hartland, Wis. ARTHUR J. FRANK

What a pleasure is Malachi Martin's new religion column! What a sheer delight it is to find a writer on religion who insists on discussing, of all things, *religion*!

I especially enjoyed Martin's recent rejoinder, in the name of faith, to the effronteries of Jacob Bronowski. I have not read the late professor's *Ascent of Man*, but the TV series based on it justifies Martin's rhetoric. I *have* read Bronowski's *The Western Intellectual Tradition*, an earlier opus co-written with fellow MIT



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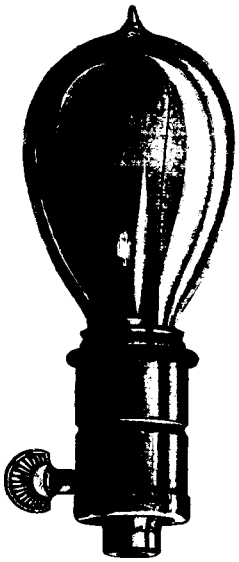

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prophet Bruce Mazlish, who since has descended to the bathos of dissecting Richard Nixon's anal fixation. Like *The Ascent of Man*, this book is a curious collection of dogmatic scientism and historic wrongheadedness so unbalanced as to teeter on the verge of the bizarre: there simply *is* no real intellectual tradition until the Renaissance; except for a few bilious pages on Pascal, religion is a mere sociological "problem"; Descartes' dichotomy between matter and mind was inherited from the barbarous Scholastics (St. Thomas would be surprised at that); utopian Robert Owen was just a little ahead of his time; Edmund Burke's political philosophy was, at one and the same time, thoroughly Hegelian and "essentially hedonistic."

And now Mr. Martin tells us Bronowski's Truth goes marching on: God is dead, wheat thinks.

Aurora, Ill. DAVID R. WADE

Great was my admiration in reading the remarks by Malachi B. Martin. Further to paraphrase James Joyce, it seemed to me that I stood in Dayton, Tennessee, hearing William Jennings Bryan thunder against Clarence Darrow. You shall not make of man, says Martin, "a complex of proteinoids resting foursquare on DNA's four bases."

But, alas for Malachi Martin! protest he never so vigorously, the fact remains that each of us is a complex of proteins, and owes all his or her characteristics to a permuted sequence of three billion units, the four variables of which are indeed the bases A, C, G, and T, entrained in a filamentous molecule of DNA. Believe, declaim, pray all you wish, this fact will not go away. One consolation is that the difference between any two human beings stems from an average difference of about one base in every three thousand in the total DNA. But chilling it is to think that the entire hereditary information for the total human race could be contained in the volume occupied by one grain of wheat —and that this store of all our past and future could be dissolved, not in "the clarity of eternal truth," but into everlasting destruction, by a drop of deoxyribonuclease solution.

Courage, Malachi! The chimpanzee has DNA whose sequence is about 1 per cent different from that of a man. Why not reconcile yourself to the thought that God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform?

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

Correction

I apologize for commenting on a six-month-old article, but NASA has brought to my attention three minor errors in my article "The Apollo-Soyuz Test Project" [Oct. 25], which should be corrected for the record. First, I erroneously stated that the Soviet Union had committed three spacecraft/launch vehicle combinations to the mission. The actual number is two.

Also, the Soyuz spacecraft is equipped with an automatic positioning system (similar to those used on unmanned spacecraft) that provides primary orientation; the periscope mentioned in the article is the means of manual orientation.

Finally, the cause of the deaths of the Soyuz 11 cosmonauts was not a faulty hatch seal, but the premature opening of the Soyuz' atmospheric vent valve.

Chesterfield, Mo. MICHAEL S. KELLY

Ziegler's Right

Dean Wicklein's guess to the contrary notwithstanding ["Letters," March 28], I do listen sometimes in class, and one thing that I've been told is not to get into letter writing feuds with people who may take exception to something I have written. Though I stand by every word in the February 28 NATIONAL REVIEW article (except one: "Elikann" was misspelled), I will ignore that advice, because the article was the first one I've ever had in print and I would hate to see my reputation go down the drain before I even have one.

Dean Wicklein claims that I "distorted [his] position in the Ziegler matter to fit [my] point of view." I disagree.

He wrote: "He quoted my telegram to the Student Government Assembly President with dots to indicate elisions. He elided the part that said: 'I would defend Ziegler's right to speak on this campus.' An interesting elision."

But the whole point is, that is *not* an interesting elision. In fact, it is a very *un*interesting elision. In fact, if there is anyone above the age of nine who didn't see those dots and say to himself, "This must be where Wicklein said that he would honor Ziegler's right to speak," then I would tell him to go back, insert Ron's right, and see if it changes anything of substance. This is the criterion by which charges of distortion should be considered.

Brighton, Mass. JOHN GUASPARI

Worse than the Disease?

Svetozar Pejovich's proposal ["Causes and Cures," March 28] might well increase inflation rather than reducing it. The incentive faced by congressmen is not to increase tax revenues. Rather, it is to follow what Texans used to call the Ralph Yarborough system of voting for all appropriations and against all taxes. Each individual vote thus appeals to some interest group and very few people look at the total record. As long as there is a printing press down the street Congress need not worry about financing the deficit. Indeed, the larger the deficit the more certain it is to be monetized by the Fed to preserve "orderly financial markets." Pejovich's well-intended proposal increases the deficit and, therefore, the growth in the money supply.

Result: still more inflation. A more promising idea would be to tie votes on appropriations to votes on the taxes to pay for them.

Slippery Rock, Pa. JOSEPH HORTON

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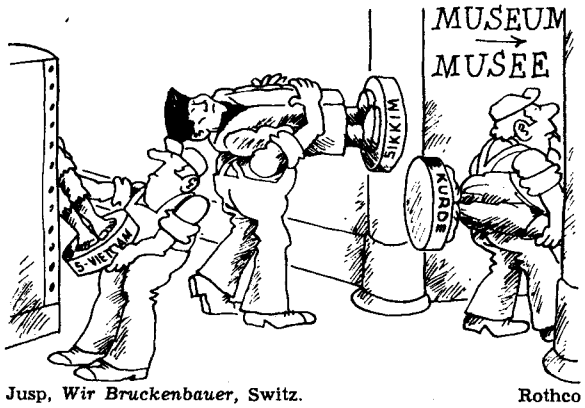
FOR THE RECORD

■ About **Vietnam**: In the week of the fall 56 per cent of the American people still felt confidence in the way **Henry Kissinger** was handling his job, as against 25 per cent who disapproved (Gallup). . . . Defense Secretary **James Schlesinger** admitted he had misjudged American public opinion when it came to supporting renewed U.S. military bombings of North Vietnam if Hanoi violated the Peace Accords. "Public opinion," he said, "was not that volatile." . . . Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III**, a dove, zeroed in on the Administration's policy of detente as the villain in the piece. Detente, he said, "has been highly profitable for the Soviet Union so far and highly expensive for the United States. We have given up our wheat, our credits, also our strategic superiority, with nothing as yet gained in Indochina or elsewhere." . . . Another longtime dove, Sen. **Walter Mondale**, says he will vote against the perennial **Mike Mansfield** efforts to cut U.S. troop commitments in Western Europe. "It's very important," he said, "not to signal to the Russians and others that we're giving up. The Congress decided against the war in Vietnam. We did not vote to become an isolationist country." . . . What Moscow intends next could be guessed from a **Tass** dispatch May 2 hailing the fall of Saigon. "Sooner or later," it said, "Chile's right wing junta, the militarist Israeli leadership, and racist South Africa will join the overthrown Saigon regime on the rubbish dump of history." . . . And North Korean dictator **Kim Il Sung** made his first visit to Peking in 14 years, leading to alarmed speculation in the South that he might be asking Red China's support for renewed hostilities there.

■ For the record: when Rep. **John Rousselot** (R., Calif.) presented a resolution condemning Hanoi's blatant violations of the Paris Peace Accords, 72 congressmen refused to go along, including, among the Democrats, House Majority Leader **Tip O'Neill** and Democratic Caucus leader **Phillip Burton**. Also **Bella Abzug** and **Elizabeth Holtzman** of New York (Ms. Holtzman's contribution to the debate over the refugee bill, incidentally, was to ask if "it was needed to transport President **Thieu** and Prime Minister [sic] **Ky** and his wife to safety"), **Shirley Chisholm** (N.Y.), **Ron Dellums** (Calif.), Father **Drinan** and **Michael Harrington** (Mass.), **John Conyers** (Mich.), and **Peter Rodino** (N.J.). The only two Republicans to vote against it were **Pete McCloskey** (Calif.) and **Charles Whalen** (Ohio). . . . **Thomas Morgan** (D., Pa.), chairman of the committee that brought the refugee bill to the floor, was appalled at the Tip O'Neill vote against. "I never in thirty years in Congress saw a majority leader oppose a committee chairman." . . . In the Senate, Republican Minority Leader **Hugh Scott** has lashed out at **George McGovern**'s proposals that many of the Vietnam refugees be sent home. "The plan," said Scott in a Senate speech, "is so appalling it shocks the conscience." Efforts by the American government to return the refugees would be "governmental sanction of murder in the first degree." . . . Footnote to the collapse of the South Vietnamese army. *Saigon Liberation*, the newspaper of the new government in Saigon, reports that the North Vietnamese and Vietcong killed or wounded 400,000 South Vietnamese troops in the final days of the war.



Jusp, *Wir Bruckenbauer*, Switz. Rothco

New Acquisitions

■ Refugee scoreboard: **Canada** will take 3,000 refugees in addition to any who are related to people already living in Canada. . . . **France** will take relatives. . . . **Australia** will take "less than a hundred." . . . **Taiwan** has set up a special camp on the South China seacoast, to accommodate Vietnamese fleeing by boat, will accept refugees with Chinese connections. . . . The United Nations High Commission on Refugees, after repeated pleas for help from U.S. refugee administrator, Ambassador **L. Dean Brown**, finally, two weeks later, put out a communiqué reporting they had some people on Guam. "They sent two people to Guam," said the Ambassador. . . . Brown also said that **George Meany** and the **AFL-CIO** had been particularly helpful "in locating jobs" for the refugees. "If this great country can't absorb another 30,000 to 40,000 [jobseekers]," said George Meany at a special press conference, "we're denying our own heritage." He accused legislators who voted against aid of "meanness in spirit, a meanness in which the American labor movement will not participate."

■ Tricky to the end. **Charles Hamilton**, the New York expert on signatures, doesn't believe that **Richard Nixon** himself signed those secret letters to President Thieu, the facsimiles of which were released to the press by a former Thieu cabinet member last week. Hamilton hazards the guess that the letters might have been signed by Nixon's secretary, **Rose Mary Woods**.

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THE WEEK

■ It wasn't Watergate and it certainly didn't involve national security, though it did involve the security of some 100 Vietnamese. It has been revealed that several of the media organizations—NBC, CBS, the *New York Times*, AP, and UPI—brought considerable pressure on various U.S. officials to get their employees out of Vietnam. The media officials brushed away the legalities and persuaded the government to look the other way during the extralegal (illegal?) operation as their Vietnamese employees boarded planes without proper papers. They all feel that the ends justify the means—when *humanitarian* issues are concerned.

■ REGRO, anyone? That stands for Republicans for Effective Grass Roots Organization—a Boston group whose purpose is to recruit "disaffected Democrats who feel uncomfortable in the party of George McGovern and are looking for a place to hang their hats." They favor constitutional limitations on taxation rates, overhauling the welfare system, voucher education, balancing ecological and economic considerations, an end to racial busing, and enforcement of the gun control laws already on the books. Sensible people. One question is whether the Republican Party is still an effective agency for sensible people. See page 550.

■ New York State's highest court, the Court of Appeals, has resisted discovering a new constitutional right. In a 4 to 3 opinion the Court decided that poor people did not have the right to the services of attorneys paid from tax funds in divorce cases—and, presumably, most other civil litigation. Legal aid supporters had hoped the Court would extend to civil cases the principle first established by the U.S. Supreme Court in *Gideon* v. *Wainwright*, and since extended, that an impoverished defendant charged with a crime has a right to free legal assistance. The New York Court admitted the complexities of matrimonial cases, but declined to find a constitutional requirement that litigants in such cases be provided with counsel at the taxpayers' expense. Quite properly, the decision leaves the question to the taxpayers' representatives in the legislature.

■ Former CIA Director Richard Helms blew his stack at CBS reporter Daniel Schorr, calling him "Killer Schorr," "son of a bitch," and an even more uncivil term. The provocation was Schorr's proffered handshake —which, coming after years of tendentious reporting, and a few days after Schorr's report that the President suspected the CIA of plotting assassinations, must have struck Helms as more than flesh could bear. Helms maybe overdid it, but Schorr has been overdoing it for years and, if you ask us, it's about time he took it for a change instead of dishing it out.

■ A few years ago Congress was into airbags. If all cars were equipped with them, we were told, the number of highway fatalities would be drastically reduced. After much prodding from Congress and various consumer advocates, General Motors, in 1974, began offering airbags as an option on Cadillacs and full-sized Buicks and Oldsmobiles. Sorry to say, the bags haven't been selling too well. General Motors recently reported that only 6,000 of them have been sold; if they kept selling at the rate they have been, GM wouldn't break even until the year 2000. The company, therefore, decided to retire the airbag. Congressional reaction? None. Not even hot air.

■ Joseph Coors, the nation's fourth largest brewmaster, has been getting a lot of attention lately from the *Washington Post*. As of this writing, there have been four front-page stories about the 57-year-old businessman, and each one is crammed with information about the way Mr. Coors spends all that money he makes from selling his famous unpasteurized beer that the ranchers swear by in Marlboro country. From one report we learned that Mr. Coors donated money, imagine, to unseat leftist congressmen; another told how a subsidiary of Coors advertised in a journal of the "fanatically anti-Communist" John Birch Society; still another examined Television News, Inc., which, in a brutal assault on free speech, Mr. Coors launched two years ago to counter the liberal slant of the other networks. While there were many shockeroos in this one, we were particularly appalled to learn that Coors's network "has taken considerable effort" to ensure that it didn't hire "kneejerk liberals" (we are quoting the *Post*). How's that for kookiness?

■ That well-known humanitarian, Senator George McGovern, said—just before he went to Cuba, the most diligent producer of refugees in the Western Hemisphere—that 90 per cent of the refugees from South Vietnam needn't have fled. They were panicked, said the Senator, by the thought of a final bloody battle over Saigon and of the subsequent "bloodbath our policymakers have talked about so much." He thus provided the Left with

The Early Birds

As soon as Thieu had flown away
And Mrs. Binh had come to stay,
Indira cabled her congrats—
Just beating Sweden's diplomats.

W. H. VON DREELE

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a classic outline for maneuvering the terms of discourse. (Watch for it in the weeks to come.) By 1) making it your indisputable assumption that the only thing anyone would flee is death, you have 2) put yourself in a position to say, if the "bloodbath" fails to be as huge and bloody as "our policymakers" have predicted, that the Communist takeover did little damage, thus 3) obscuring the fact that at least as important as how many people the Communists kill when they take over is what they do to those who are left alive.

■ On January 1, 1975, South Vietnam had the third largest military air force in the world. Only a tenth of the planes got out of the country before the North Vietnamese took over. More than a thousand combat aircraft remained, and are now being incorporated into Hanoi's air force, which, with these added to its previous stable of MiGs and lesser Soviet types, will now become the world's third largest.

■ A structural engineer from TWA, Lloyd Mielke, has written a little book on *Soviet Inventions* under the revealing pseudonym of U. S. Patoff. It seems the Russians have consistently relied on technology copied or imported from the West. They are currently trying to get Western "turnkey" plants (in which Westerners do everything but turn the key to start the machinery) to make everything from artificial fur coats to dinnerware and serving trays. This year and the next, the Soviets will even import 54,000 freight cars from, of all places, India. Mielke has a collection of Soviet nuts and bolts, which are still handmade, cut on a lathe individually. "I wouldn't use one on a shopping cart," says the engineer. To an expert who has had a look at their stuff, the hammer and sickle means: "Cut to fit and beat to match."

■ Happily, and almost surprisingly, after the events of the last few weeks, the Canadian government has just renewed the NORAD (North American Air Defense) pact with the United States. NORAD operates, among other things, the DEW (Distant Early Warning) line of radar, and the first line of aircraft necessary to counter a Soviet air attack. A number of Canadian ultra-nationalists had wanted to withdraw from the pact, on the grounds that it compromised Canada's independence. But, as the remarkably clear-headed parliamentary report replied, Canada would not be noticeably freer outside the pact than in it, whereas, by strengthening the pact, it would be "protecting, if not enhancing, Canada's sovereignty." Perhaps not coincidentally, according to a Lou Harris poll released last month, Canada was the only foreign country for whose defense a majority of Americans would be willing to risk war with the Soviet Union.

■ On the Western front, too, all is not quiet. Greece had withdrawn from NATO's military command after the Cyprus war last July. Now the U.S. and Greece have made public their agreement to end special home port arrangements for American ships in Eleusis, and to close, among other installations, the American air base at Athens airport and the ballistic missile range on Crete. Certain other U.S. facilities "which contribute to Greek defense needs" will continue to operate, but under Greek supervision. Thus, with the situation in the Mediterranean shaky anyway (Portugal, on its western entrance, can no longer be trusted; Britain has decided to close her remaining naval bases in the area), the Sixth Fleet is being pushed back toward Norfolk, Virginia, 3,000 miles farther from the Mediterranean than the Soviets' Black Sea ports.

■ It had to happen—and it finally did. The Rev. Bill Nicholas of the First Unitarian Church of Richardson, Texas asked a young lady who works in a Dallas night spot to give a sermon to his congregation. Before about two hundred members of the congregation, Mrs. King

Bird of Peace

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obliged. When she was finished, all she had on her was a G-string and the eyes of the assembled.

■ A "nice, little sick girl" in New York City has successfully sued her psychiatrist for malpractice, on grounds that he seduced her over a period of 14 months. She was awarded $350,000, or $25,000 a month, somewhat over the going rates even in New York City.

■ Idealism still burneth at McClymonds High School in Oakland, California, where eighty students walked out to protest the principal's outrageous ban on having unwed mothers hold student office.

■ Representative Benjamin Gilman (R., N.Y.) proposes to solve the U.S. heroin problem by having U.S. taxpayers corner the world opium market and destroy the crop, by which process the world's opium growers will become rich enough to double or triple their acreage for next year's crop. Congress has certainly attracted a lot of lowgrade individuals since it cornered the U.S. taxpayer.

Showing a Little Class

Richard Stratton, who spent six years in North Vietnamese prisoner of war camps, says: "American disengagement from Vietnam was inevitable, but the manner in which we did it was embarrassing. I certainly thought we owed it to the Vietnamese to show a little more class than that."

Lots of things were wrong about the evacuation from Vietnam, the timing, the organization, the people who got left behind, the fishing boats heavy with human cargoes left drifting when the U.S. Navy sailed off to the Philippines and Guam; but there were, too, the other stories, maybe not of America's brightest but of America's best, the individual Americans who cared and acted. The two junior State Department Foreign Service Officers who flew into Saigon in the final days and set up a processing center, then happily and cunningly and skillfully forged exit visas, whatever was needed, and in the end got two hundred Vietnamese friends and acquaintances out. The State Department is sore at them, and they don't much care. Their names are Larry Craig Johnstone and Lionel A. Rosenblatt.

There were the Marines at Camp Pendleton, who chipped in from their own pockets to buy 18,000 chopsticks so that the bewildered Vietnamese roughing it in the camp would feel more at home. Levente Karvazy of New Hartford, Conn., knows what it is to be a refugee, a stranger in a strange land. He arrived in America from Hungary in 1956. He and his wife have adopted two Vietnamese families. Carole Karvazy says she can hardly handle the phone calls. People who want to give money, food, clothes, blankets, and toys.

Near Camp Chaffee in Arkansas, the natives were distinctly hostile when it was reported that Chaffee would house thousands of the homeless. The TV camera crews were all around; all America heard that night the bitter, petty comments. When the first group of Vietnamese arrived at the Camp, though, they found, at the airport, a hundred or more Americans there, standing around in the rain, bedraggled, uncomfortable, with hand-printed signs of welcome in Vietnamese, a local high school band playing "God Bless America"—perhaps not the most appropriate tune for the occasion, but heartfelt.

Andrew Kornylak, of Hamilton, Ohio, turned off his TV one night in disgust at his country, almost at himself, and got in touch with a relief organization. He offered two Vietnamese families the plane fare to Hamilton from California and jobs for the men in his small foundry. "I want to do this quickly so they will know not all Americans are selfish." A farmer in North Dakota—the newspaper story doesn't give his name—wrote the State Department: "We live on a farm and we have plenty of meat, milk, and eggs and garden produce. We would like to offer our home to a Vietnamese refugee family."

A young editor of a conservative monthly, ruefully acknowledging that he would have to replace a secretary whose spelling is hopelessly retarded, is inquiring how he can go about getting a Vietnamese for the job. A construction worker in Seattle, married to a Vietnamese, flew off to Saigon on the last commercial flight in, came back out with 23 people, including an orphan boy and nine members of two other families. The stories go on and on and on of Americans following the lead not of a petulant, mean spirited Congress but of the President who, when asked on what legal authority he had authorized the removal of the first lot of refugees, replied:

"I took them out because they would be killed and I'm proud of it."

That's the kind of class Commander Stratton was talking about.

Misunderstanding Portugal

They held elections and the people spoke;
The *New York Times* is terribly relieved.
Progressives see a massive counterstroke:
In one fell swoop, democracy's retrieved.
The patterns of the past are ill-perceived;
The people "spoke" in Budapest and Prague.
The Lenin legacy just ain't believed,
Although it's written like a travelogue.
So now the liberals are all agog
As Cunhal and his Communists retreat.
When they return to write the epilogue,
Decisions will be fashioned in the street.
Elections are a cruel frontispiece
When Reds control the army and police.

W. H. von Dreele

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Domino Voices

"The United States does not have any morals at this point. They have already pulled out from Cambodia and South Vietnam, so we are going to have to depend on ourselves."—Thailand's Foreign Minister, Chatichai Choonhavan.

"If we cling to the United States we'll lose whatever bargaining power we have in the region—and we've already lost most of it."—A Thai Foreign Ministry source.

"I believe the danger of the North Korean Communist clique playing with fire is greater this year than ever before."—South Korean President Park Chung-hee.

"Japan, too, must rectify her position of having relied excessively on the United States."—Foreign Ministry official in Tokyo.

"Rather than go through the mincing machine, it makes more sense to seek political and diplomatic solutions."—Singapore Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew.

"Closer links with the Communist states are the only way to ensure our security and survival."—Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos.

"If Berlin were attacked tomorrow I am not absolutely certain that the United States would intervene."—Kurt Biedenkopf, Secretary General of West Germany's Christian Democratic Union.

He Will Be Missed

Sydney Schanberg, a reporter for the *New York Times*, was one of a handful of American journalists who chose to remain in Phnom Penh when the Khmer Rouge took over. In one of his last messages to reach the West, Schanberg reported: "I have seen the Khmer Rouge and they are not killing anyone." The sentence aptly summarizes the thousands of words that appeared under Schanberg's byline in the months before the fall of Phnom Penh.

In the March 13 *New York Times*, Schanberg reported that several Cambodian refugees who managed to escape from Communist-held territory had said adverse things about the Communists' authoritarian rule. "Such reports," said Schanberg, "come from areas that are either contested or close to [Lon Nol] government lines—areas where discipline could be expected to be rigid. . . . Such behavior has apparently not been widespread, and some diplomats and other longtime observers suggest that if the country passes to insurgent control there would be no need for random acts of terror. . . . most Cambodians do not talk about a possible massacre and do not expect one."

A few days ago Schanberg arrived in Thailand, just as reports of the Cambodian bloodbath were coming in. U.S. intelligence sources had intercepted Khmer Rouge radio communications. The orders were, according to *Newsweek*, that all members of the Lon Nol army "down to the rank of second lieutenant were to be killed along with their wives." A start had been made with the beheading of eighty officers and wives. It's a shame Schanberg left; the Cambodians need him now more than ever.

Last Call for Freedom

The April 25 election for delegates to a Constituent Assembly demonstrated that Portugal 1) is not a democracy, and 2) is not yet either a total military dictatorship or a Communist state.

This election was a genuine political novelty. In one perspective it looked free as air. The vote was, from all reports, secret, free, and fairly counted; there was little direct intimidation or physical interference at the polls. On the ballot, there were a number of political parties to choose from. Five of these got enough votes for representation in the Assembly: the Socialist Party, 37 per cent; the Popular Democratic Party, 26 per cent; the Communists, 13 per cent; the Social Democratic Center, 8 per cent; the Portuguese Democratic Movement (a Communist front), 5 per cent. In all these features, the election was impeccably democratic; none of them could have been present under any sort of totalitarian regime, or even under a standard dictatorship.

However, along a different axis, the whole election process looks more like a shadow play than a political reality. Among those numerous parties listed on the ballot there was no rightist or conservative party, though everyone knows that many, many Portuguese are conservative-minded. The furthest to the right on the ballot's spectrum was the Social Democratic Center, with a liberal, vaguely socialist sort of policy. Throughout the electoral campaign, SDC meetings were raided by leftist militants, their spokesmen harassed, and their program excluded from the media. This outlawing of the Center and Right meant that a large proportion of the electorate could not vote their real choices, and were thus, in political substance, disfranchised.

The exclusion of the Center-Right was odd by the rules of democracy, but still odder was the fact that the election was not *about* anything, didn't decide anything. It was merely a large-scale opinion poll in which the polling sample was the entire electorate. All the parties on the ballot had, before the election, accepted the Armed Forces Movement's insistence that the election results would have no bearing on the allocation of governmental posts, and had endorsed the declaration of the Armed Forces Movement that it was going to retain the ultimately controlling power for "three to five years."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Louis Harris finds that President Ford is making a modest comeback. In a poll completed before the Vietnam debacle was completed, Americans, by 57 to 40 per cent, gave him a "negative" rating on "the job he is doing." That is slightly better than the 60 to 37 negative rating last month. Last September, before the pardon of Mr. Nixon, Mr. Ford enjoyed a 67 to 20 positive rating. In October, after the pardon, his rating was 45 per cent positive, 49 per cent negative. In November the rating crept back up to 48 per cent positive, 47 per cent negative. But it has been more negative than positive since then.

■ Who will head President Ford's re-election committee? Former Congressman and former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird says he has been asked, but he is too busy serving out a ten-year contract as a counselor for national and international affairs for *Reader's Digest*. It is rumored that former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton will be named. But Mr. Ford has—to put it mildly—problems with the conservatives who dominate the party machinery. The conservatives would not be thrilled by the prospect of working with the man who headed the last ditch drive to block Goldwater's nomination in 1964, and who subsequently surfaced to head the President's Commission on Campus Unrest. Another name being mentioned is Clark MacGregor, who replaced John Mitchell as head of CREEP—the Committee to Re-elect the President.

■ Did someone say "dirty tricks"? Some Ford aides are convinced that someone is trying to sabotage Ford's re-election campaign by planting stories that Ford will not run. Presidential press secretary Ron Nessen said there was no suspicion that Vice President Nelson Rockefeller was plotting against Mr. Ford. Asked if Ronald Reagan also was above suspicion, Nessen said: "I think I'll stop there."

■ If this continues, it is going to blemish the reputation of the Nixon Administration. Anthony "Tough Tony" Ulasewicz, the former New York City cop who was bagman for the Watergate payoffs of "hush money," has been indicted for filing false federal income tax returns. It is believed that the indictment pertains to a failure to report as income the fees he received in connection with the payoffs. Ulasewicz was hired in 1969 by John Ehrlichman and assigned to gather damaging information against Mr. Nixon's political rivals.

■ Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield thinks this would be a good time to begin a phased withdrawal of U.S. troops from Korea. He acknowledges that we have a clear commitment to defend Korea. But, he says, "we can't stay on the mainland of Asia forever." Which means that, at some point, our commitment expires.

■ How's this for a profile in courage. Addressing the National Urban Coalition, the day after Saigon fell, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller was asked why, when he was governor of New York in the 1960s, he had not criticized U.S. involvement in Vietnam. Rockefeller replied, "I can see that you never ran for political office, young man." He explained that he was afraid criticism would have complicated his task of wringing money out of the Federal Government: "You don't kick people in Washington in the shins if you expect them to do something for you."

■ DEMOCRATIC BRIEFS: The *Christian Science Monitor* surveyed 308 Democratic state chairmen and national committeemen and found that only 31 of 118 replying named Senator Edward Kennedy as their first choice for the party's 1976 presidential nomination. But Kennedy's 26 per cent was relatively high. Next came Senator Hubert Humphrey with 11 votes; former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, 9; Senator Henry Jackson, 8; Representative Morris Udall, 6. The survey indicated that there is no passion for anyone—including Kennedy. . . . From the same wonderful people who brought you the 1972 McGovern presidential campaign comes . . . the 1976 McGovern presidential campaign. Alan Baron, who worked in the Muskie campaign and later supported McGovern, has joined McGovern as press secretary. And Steve Robbins, who handled scheduling for McGovern in 1972, has joined the staff of the Senate subcommittee on nutrition that McGovern chairs. . . . The Wisconsin primary was the turning point for McGovern in 1972. Morris Udall hopes it will be his turning point in 1976. He is off to a fast start. His 81-person "organizing committee" includes five of the state's congressmen. . . . Is there any phase of American life that is not linked to government? When the American Basketball Association needed a new Commissioner, it chose Larry O'Brien, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Professional sports leagues depend on congressional tolerance of noncompetitive business behavior—e.g., cooperation in parceling out college athletes—that could be considered antitrust violations. —CATO

Formally, then, the election decided nothing and changed nothing. Nevertheless, what it managed to reveal of the attitudes of the mass of the people becomes, inevitably, a factor, and potentially a critical factor, in the overall political equation. The Communists and their allies in the AFM are not going to be stopped by an election. But this election proved that the Portuguese anti-Communists still have a chance, if they have also the will and can find a resolute leadership. On that last and indispensable point, the auguries are not too promising at the moment. The Socialist Party—politically similar to the left wing of the British Labor Party—won the largest vote and its leader, Mario Soares, gets a lot of notice and does plenty of talking. But so far he has backed down in every confrontation. He bleated about the Communist-AFM decree that integrated all labor unions into a single organization (*Intersindical*) controlled by the Communists, and then accepted it. He blustered over the AFM-Communist demand that all parties agree, before the election, to support the already drawn up dictatorial arrangement, but he abjectly signed the pledge. He yaks about the bad behavior of the Communists, but in his first moves after his electoral victory, he renewed his pledge to uphold the pre-election deal—which reduces his party to a hanger-on of the AFM—and described the Socialists as "a party of the Left allied with the Communists and other leftist groups." A few days later, Soares declared, after a three-hour meeting with the Communist leader, Alvaro Cunhal: "There can be no democracy in Portugal without the Communists."

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Now—you can order William A. Rusher's soon-to-be published book "The Making of the New Majority Party" direct from National Review and save $3.00!

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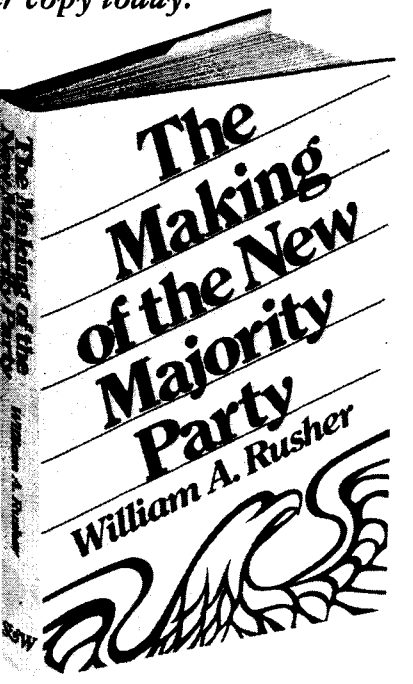

Between now and the '76 presidential election, you won't be able to find a *better* analysis of what's really happening among American conservatives than William A. Rusher's "The Making of the New Majority Party." Here, for the first time, is the whole story of the growing movement toward conservative unity – and majority status – spelled out by a leading conservative spokesman. It's all in this fast-reading new book – how it could happen, how it may well be happening *now*. (Rusher gives the facts and figures showing how just such a movement has been on the *verge* of success for at least the last 15 years.)

A Revealing Book

With the political scene today in near-unprecedented turmoil, with Gallup Polls reporting extraordinary drops in major-party loyalty, with Republican fortunes at an all-time low (as radical minorities still threaten to take over the Democratic Party), Rusher asks if now is not the right time for a united new conservative movement to arise, not as a "third" party, but as one of the two major forces in America. You'll find an excellent analysis of why this has happened, how the forces are realigning, plus historical precedents to support Rusher's view that a new political force can successfully challenge the established parties.

This highly readable book gives you the figures from recent polls which asked a cross-section of Americans which party they would prefer, if the parties were realigned ideologically – "conservative or liberal?" Assuming that those who were undecided would ultimately divide in the same proportions, *59% of the American people considered themselves "conservative"* and only 41% "liberal." Using such facts, Rusher gives you his analysis of *why*, even though American conservatives really *are* the majority, they have never taken power, and why they have power within their grasp *now*. Rusher provides telling historical precedent (the Republican take-over of the Whig position in the mid-19th century) showing how the unusual conflux of events present when the Republican party was born are here today, in modern terms, for American conservatives to *act* on.

But the central point of the book is the lesson of the last fifteen years: that conservative potential for victory has been *there*, but was snatched away at the last moment. Once, in the Goldwater election, success was denied by an assassin: with Kennedy gone, the conservative coalition was split by Westerner Goldwater running against Southerner Johnson. In 1968, when there was a very real chance to nominate Reagan as the Republican candidate, a too-early endorsement of Nixon by leading conservative Republicans stilled Reagan's momentum. And then, in 1972, the conservatives were united in one party, and swept every thing before them—only to be betrayed by Nixon.

"The Making of the New Majority Party" evaluates the conservative movement in a realistic perspective. It examines the facts of regional voting patterns of the new majority, especially the continued passing of power (since the days of Andrew Jackson) from an entrenched Eastern "establishment" to a coalition based on the Southern and Western regions of the nation. Rusher shows how this coalition could bring victory, for it aligns what he calls today's real political split—"producers" vs. "non-producers." This new alignment may well dismantle FDR's old "haves" vs. "have-nots," a now-obsolete division that for so long gave power to the Democrats. He presents the "producers"—"businessmen, manufacturers, hard-hats, blue-collar workers and farmers" pitted against "a new and powerful class of non-producers comprised of a liberal verbalist elite [the dominant media, the major foundations and research institutions, the educational establishment, the federal and state bureaucracies] and a semi-permanent welfare constituency, all coexisting happily in a state of mutually-sustaining symbiosis."

Facts You Can Use

One of the features of Rusher's book is his no-nonsense approach to presenting the facts on which any political situation is based. He does not make vague allusions. He gives you *facts* you can use in your own analysis; he answers the questions you will want answered in coming months. Here are some examples:

- Ronald Reagan as a conservative candidate—would he *really* be qualified? Rusher presents a concise evaluation of his terms as governor of California—how he performed, what his disadvantages are (e.g., the lingering doubts over the supposed limitations of his background), and what his strengths are.
- How a new party can be built: how it can *acquire* the leadership and organizational know-how in time for the coming elections—and continue as a power to 1980 and beyond.
- Where the new-party leaders will come from.
- How to answer questions on the misleading division between "populist" and "conservative" with facts on the spectrum of conservatism—how such terms only hide the truth that "social conservatives" and "economic conservatives" are now united.

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Given these premises, it is not easy to foresee Mario Soares saving his country *from* Communism.

The Popular Democratic Party ran behind the Socialists in the election, but got more than a quarter of the votes. The PDP is a new and still loosely organized grouping, but the speeches of its leaders and the line of its journal, *Expresso*, seem to indicate a more serious attitude than the Socialists'. That is no doubt why the Communists have been attacking the Popular Democrats ("suckled at the breast of Fascism") much more sharply than they have the Socialists, and have been trying to break up their meetings. Quite possibly there will soon be a Communist attempt to frame and then purge the PDP. It will be interesting to watch Soares if that happens.

Perhaps the most promising possibility issuing from the election is the effect the voting result may have within the AFM. No one knows how many of the AFM leaders are Communists, but at least some of them are not. These may be strengthened by the realization that the people do not want Communism and would presumably be ready to rally to leaders who will help them and their country avoid it. If such a faction should take form in the AFM and become active, we will probably get prompt notice. The first sign might be the replacement of Brigadier Gonçalves—a Communist and secret Party member—as Prime Minister. Another might well be the public rise of General Galvo de Mela. General de Mela—who was refused promotion under the old regime because of his known opposition to *all* dictatorships—was the only prominent candidate who fought for and won a seat in the April 25 election on an openly anti-Communist and antidictatorship program. He is the Communist Party's public enemy No. 1; his name produces instant mass jeers and curses at Communist gatherings. The most serious violence of the campaign took place when Communists attacked one of his meetings. In an interview after the election, he stated: "Membership of the Assembly will give me the opportunity to defend the people against Communism. This is my aim at the moment, this is my preoccupation."

Conning Barry

The Ford Administration, becoming sensitive to restiveness on the Right, is moving to counter it. The tactic is to divide conservatives. The chosen instrument is a recycled Rockefeller, the New Nelse, and the prime target is Barry Goldwater. During the past fortnight, the New Nelse has a) apologized profusely to the Senate for his bulldozer tactics during the recent cloture fight, which had been bitterly resented by conservative senators, and b) moved energetically to bring the ever-agreeable Barry Goldwater into the Ford-Rockefeller tent. "I'm very big on [Goldwater]," the New Nelse has been saying. "We have been good friends over the years—with a few unfortunate hiatuses. We have a great many fundamental concepts about this country that are very similar." Goldwater, for his part, has shown signs of responding to this stroking (cf. the photograph on p. 27 of the May 12 *Time*).

Before Barry curls up with the new lion, it might be prudent to ask him about busing, and what he has in mind to do about it. Or about his veto of abortion reform. Or about the Urban Development Corporation, end-runned around the voters' rejection of it. Or about the HEW budget, about quotas, about the federal deficit . . .

That the White House should now be showing signs of political alarm is perfectly understandable. Columnists Evans & Novak, conducting a grassroots survey recently in rural Illinois (Republican country), found that only 10 per cent named Mr. Ford as the man they would like to see nominated for President next year. The press reports that Republican leaders in 13 Southern states have told Ronald Reagan that their states are solidly in his corner, even if Mr. Ford sticks to his declared intention of running for a full term in 1976. Tests of sentiment among Republican voters nationwide show Ford holding only a small lead over Reagan, even though Reagan is not yet a declared candidate.

In January 1965, Barry Goldwater endorsed Richard Nixon for the 1968 nomination. It was wildly premature. It helped to preclude the formation of any conservative consensus. Barry Goldwater might learn from that experience and hang loose for 1976.

Oil Import Quotas

From 1959 to 1973, oil imports were limited by quota to a certain percentage of domestic production of crude and finished oil. Since imported oil cost a dollar or so less per barrel than domestic oil during most of those years, each quota ticket was worth about $1.25 to whoever was granted the right to import. This was widely criticized as a bonanza for big oil, though a study by Ilse Mintz shows that big companies imported only 3 per cent of their needs, as opposed to 20 per cent for the small oil companies. Since the program limited imports of cheap foreign oil, it was also blasted as poor conservation policy and as a ripoff of the consumer. Quotas allegedly cost the consumer about $5 billion a year, that being the apparent loss from not importing more cheap foreign oil in place of our costly domestic oil. In 1970, a Presidential Task Force on Oil Import Quotas, representing the consensus of the day, recommended that oil import quotas be scrapped or replaced with a tariff, so that the Treasury and not the oil companies would reap the rewards of the price differential between costly domestic and cheap foreign oil.

Early this year, President Ford imposed a modest tariff on imported oil, which was followed by a dramatic decline in oil imports and a big trade surplus in February and March. Congressional Democrats immediately moved to block the oil tariff, and proposed an elaborate quota scheme in its place. Tariffs are out of fashion this year,

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"Do you know anything about this, Solveig? We've been charged with misleading advertising."

and quotas are back in. In place of the old goal of using more cheap imported oil, the new goals are to limit dependence on imported oil and to reduce the economic burden of imports.

Much of the renewed interest in oil import quotas apparently stems from the testimony of MIT economist Morris Adelman before the House Democratic Steering Committee in March. Adelman argued that cutting imports by making oil even more costly, through tariffs and taxes, would have a negligible effect on OPEC. The cartel is already producing 12 million barrels a day below what it could, so that even a drastic import cutback of a million barrels a day pales in comparison. Moreover, much of the import cut would be at the expense of non-hostile producing nations, rather than being targeted at the Arabian source of the problem. Adelman favors a physical limit on oil imports that would be adjusted monthly to keep the domestic price at the current level, and keep oil imports below 45 per cent of total consumption. Quota tickets, representing the right to import the authorized quantity, would be auctioned publicly by sealed competitive bids and would be freely transferable. Adelman figures that bidding for quota tickets would encourage individual cartel members to get more business by undercutting the cartel price. For a producer to pay more for import tickets is essentially the same as cutting the price, except that the benefit goes to the Treasury, as with a tariff. Use of front men and and transshipment between nations would conceal the real identity of those who bought the import tickets, encouraging the competitive cheating that eventually destroys every cartel.

Whatever the merits of the Adelman proposal, it was barely recognizable by the time the House Ways and Means Committee, as well as Senators Church and Hart, had mangled it into pieces of legislation. These bills would have the Federal Government act as the sole purchasing agent for oil imports, accepting "secret" bids on the import quotas, and then getting into such administrative nightmares as figuring out what kinds of oil and oil products to buy in what quantities, and what to do if there aren't enough acceptable bids to meet these quotas. OPEC could easily detect cheating with this scheme, which would serve as a cartel-enforcing device through which OPEC could make a united take-it-or-leave-it bid. "Senator Church thinks of a government buyer as an improvement on my scheme," Professor Adelman informs *NR*, but "I think it a disaster . . . The essential difference between the two schemes is that if the government merely sells tickets it avoids the need for shuttle diplomacy between buyers and sellers, and also presents no target for a united OPEC. . . . The whole point of the exercise is decentralization, enabling buyers and sellers to make mutually profitable deals unseen by any central organization. Channeling everything to one buyer is the very last thing you want."

Laurels for Our Mary

This year's Pulitzer Prize for "Commentary" was awarded to columnist Mary McGrory, who, according to the biographical sketch accompanying her picture on prize day, "made her mark as reporter in 1954 when the Executive Editor of the *Washington Star*, Newbold Noyes Jr., sent her to cover Army-McCarthy hearings, telling her to 'write it like a letter to your favorite aunt.' " (The sketch concluded: "Lives quietly and spends free time working with orphans. . . . Celebrated yesterday with champagne.") For the benefit of those of our readers who are not acquainted with her work—her column had been reaching fifty papers in her pre-Pulitzer days—we asked a member of *NR*'s staff to compose a representative sample:

An Orphan's Welcome

Tra La Long stood on the deck of the refugee ship, gazing over tear-stained cheeks at his new country. Overhead, two seagulls swooped in a flamboyant criss-cross, cawing a raucous greeting.

It was the only welcome Tra La Long received. His name, in Vietnamese, means "halfbreed waif": his father was a black GI, his mother a Saigon prostitute who didn't want him. (Abortions were illegal under the repressive Thieu regime, and she couldn't afford an illegal one on her meager earnings.)

His new President was unable to meet him at the San Diego wharf. Gerald Ford was at an exclusive Virginia country club, asking the advice of his caddy as he tried to choose among his irons on the par five fourteenth hole. Perhaps, if life is kinder in the years ahead, one of Tra

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La Long's children will be a caddy at a country club.

His new Secretary of State couldn't meet him either. He was lunching with Nelson Rockefeller and Joseph Alsop, alternately deploring the "loss" of Indochina and making sly ethnic jokes about the refugee women. Several reporters at a nearby table, overhearing the conversation, walked out in protest, for all the good it did.

Tra La Long's new President's young economic advisor, Alan Greenspan, was likewise busy. He was dining at New York's exclusive Plaza, with his old mentor, Ayn Rand, who has always felt that selfishness is a virtue and used to object that what we were doing to Vietnam was too altruistic for her taste. Greenspan once publicly commiserated with Wall Street for bearing more than its fair share of the world's woes. He has never heard of Tra La Long.

"Maybe," suggested a young San Diego social worker who opposed the war but now works to find homes for its orphans, "Tra La Long's new country's new President needs some new economic advisors."

Cardinal Mindszenty, RIP

The death of Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty in Vienna on May 6 will be, among other things, a momentary reminder for many that a relatively short time ago, those of the free world had an alternative to their present dilemma. Mindszenty was a symbol and a concrete example of that alternative: the power of moral authority and the helplessness of evil in the face of spirit.

When the Communists captured him in 1948, they could not afford to kill him quietly. After his degradation by torture and trial in 1949, they still had to let him live. As a 15-year-long refugee at the American Embassy in Budapest, the Vatican could not entice him out, the Americans could not put him out, the Communists could not take him out. He was untouchable. But they all wished he would just go away. And, in the end, he left for what he called "complete and absolute exile" only because of a letter from the Chief Executive of the Americans explaining politely that he was no longer welcome, and that his fate was to disappear. Even in that exile, he was regarded as an embarrassment.

Now, death has granted what an assortment of Vatican diplomats and thinkers, American officials, and Communist czars have so long desired but could not encompass. Vatican behavior in his regard has not bettered the prospects of religion behind the Iron Curtain or anywhere else. It has only created a confusion of values and thus made possible the rise of a strongly Roman Catholic Marxist movement in Europe, East and West, in Africa, and in South America. The Vatican has no alternative to that lethal confusion, which must now run its course. And in the deepening shadows of detente, Mindszenty's disappearance must remind us that, once you compromise with evil and go along with what contradicts the existence of your own way of life, you have compromised your own way of life and your spirit. In human affairs, a high price has to be paid always in order to redeem such costly and ultimate possessions. For evil never becomes good. And many in the free world are beginning to feel that the time is almost here when a halt as uncompromising as Mindszenty's stand must be called, and the ultimate challenge be sustained.

The Bite Gets Bigger

FICA figure on my check,
You were once a tiny speck;
That was back in '42.
Goodness gracious, how you grew!
Now they say you've got to be
Raised for my security:
Maybe someday you'll enroll
Everybody on the dole.
Then how British we will be
Sinking slowly in the sea.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Elsie Meyer, RIP

At midafternoon on Sunday, April 27, Elsie Meyer, whose husband Frank died of cancer three years ago, called Priscilla Buckley, and engaged her in one of those routine, chirpy, business-pleasure telephone calls by which business tends to be done at NATIONAL REVIEW if at one end of the line you have Priscilla Buckley, and especially if, at the other end of the line, Frank Meyer had been talking, or, now, his wife Elsie. Frank, who was a founding editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, transformed the telephone into his special genie—his blackboard, his couch, his Scotch and soda. His friends were legion, and when he died we were left with the sensation of an indispensable ganglion having suddenly stopped functioning. His habits had been resolute. He rose in the early afternoon, and retired sometime after dawn. In between, he would engage two or three dozen people in conversation over the telephone: deep and trivial, about matters cosmic and personal. He was beloved of young people, whose concerns became his own; and, among established echelons who wrote for the book section in NATIONAL REVIEW that he edited, he was beloved also, and admired for his persistence, good humor, but also for his total seriousness. He and Elsie had been not merely fellow-traveling members of the Communist Party, but most

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serious functionaries of it, and when they defected, it was in exchange for no escapist alternative: they sought to do no less than improve the universe. It was only their coordinates that had changed. Instead of Marxist orthodoxy, they discovered the glamorous and intoxicating orthodoxy of individual freedom. Hours before he died, Frank Meyer, who had many years earlier discovered Christian orthodoxy, made a commitment to it, and was received into the Catholic faith. Elsie had already begun instructions in Christianity, as had their eldest son John, a chess champion and law student, a lawyer now with the Community Services Administration in Washington.

One hour after Elsie spoke to Priscilla about the routine problems of the forthcoming issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, she took from the farmhouse in Woodstock, New York, sagging under the weight of a generation's accumulation of Frank's books, an old blanket, went out into the desolate backyard, wrapped herself in it, and shot herself with Frank's .22 pistol.

AFTER Frank died, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW assigned the job of Book Review Editor to our Washington correspondent, George Will. Elsie presided over the transitional period, and settled down to a widow's rustication, one son about to graduate from law school, her younger son Eugene a freshman at Yale. After a few months she came to us and said that she could not bear the loneliness of life in the remote little house on the mountain at Woodstock, her sons away at school—without Frank. Her sense of loss was easily communicated to those who found their own lives significantly diminished by the absence of Frank's pestiferous, inquisitive, unyielding, refreshing, demanding telephone calls. And so Priscilla suggested that Elsie replace Pat Simonds as Copy Editor for NATIONAL REVIEW, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Simonds having decided to quit *NR* and take jobs at a country pre-prep school.

Elsie asked only that she be permitted a four-day week, which in the collage of *NR* timetables is a venture in orthodoxy. If she had asked for a job that would keep her occupied from midnight to six in the morning on odd days, she'd have come to the right place. To be sure, she had working for her the advantage that she was probably the single most popular figure in NATIONAL REVIEW's professional periphery. Frank was occasionally IMPOSSIBLE; and Elsie would, soothingly, discreetly, make it all right. She did everything for him, from feeding the children to teaching them Latin, to taking down Frank's columns in shorthand and transcribing them. She was a graduate of Radcliffe, and, notwithstanding, was proficient in the essential intellectual disciplines. She was a fastidious grammarian, etymologist, and stylist, and had done all of Frank's correspondence, and much of the editing of his book section.

She was also unabashedly homely. Or that, at any rate, was the impression she, with the active connivance of her extraworldly husband, cultivated. Her hair was in perpetual disarray. Her nose was obstinately crooked. Her teeth were a flowering of the free enterprise system. After Frank died, she suddenly permitted herself just the lightest dab of lipstick, and occasionally her hair was moderately in place. What never changed was a smile that lit up her entire face, an irresistible warmth, a sense, uncontrollable, of the humor of things—she laughed wholesomely about everything without (one thinks of Whittaker Chambers) losing her spiritual orientation. Within 48 hours of coming to work she was everybody's friend. A year later, overseeing the editorial copy and calling gently to the attention of transgressors their offenses against the rigors and the purity of the language, her little cubicle had become something of a grotto, a pleasure to pass by, and to pause at.

When the news of her suicide reached us, there was universal concern over the question: *Why?* She had, of her own volition, acquiesced in stern philosophical principles; in becoming a Catholic, she had implicitly committed herself against suicide.

While in New York she enjoyed the opera, the ballet, the theater, above all the company of her colleagues, as she eked out a sustenance, by hard work, for herself and her two sons. She was editor of the American African Affairs Association newsletter, on the side; and of the Educational Exchange, a private newsletter available to college faculty and administrators seeking to employ scholars of libertarian and conservative inclination. Late on Thursday afternoon she would take the bus back a hundred miles to Woodstock, returning to us on Monday. Over the weekend she would work on a mountain of manuscripts and galleys. But every now and then, almost unnoticeably, she would confide, most discreetly, to one of her colleagues that she could not "stand" life "without Frank." It may have been that that loneliness gained the critical ascendancy on that Sunday afternoon when she scribbled out a brief note to her sons and, with her fastidious concern for neatness, elected to go outside to perform the act. Twenty years earlier she was called in the middle of the night to their neighbor and best friend, Eugene O'Neill Jr., the playwright's son—after whom Elsie and Frank named their younger son. He was dead by his own hand, in the cellar of his house, a hideous end, of course; and also messy. In those days, we learn, the Meyers and others who had escaped from the miasma of Communism were to talk late into the night about suicide. It was the fashionable alternative during a period when the dichotomies of Albert Camus were the center of philosophical attention. Frank Meyer resisted the impulse to suicide, and instead did much to instruct a generation of conservatives. His wife was at his side serving him, while he lived, in every capacity, and, after he died, with apparent cheerfulness doing her best to survive him. She failed, finally. But in behalf of her colleagues, I record that in our experience there was never anyone more cheerful, or whose company was more cheering. And, strange as it may sound, no one in our memory who had grown more physically beautiful than Elsie Meyer. **—WFB**

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Nightmares, Past and at Hand

Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

WHEN GERALD FORD was sworn in last August 9, he said, referring to Watergate, that the nation's long "nightmare" was over. Since then he has presided over the final stages of the nation's longest, losingest war. So now people are saying that the nation's "nightmare" is over. The outcome—defeat—is related to the first nightmare, Watergate. President Nixon wanted to respond with force to North Vietnam's immediate, systematic violations of the Paris Peace Accords that had been signed in January 1973. But by April he could not risk provoking Congress: he was assembling the coverup of the coverup. So a piece of tape placed on a door late at night, June 17, 1972, contributed directly to the defeat of a cause in which two million Americans fought and 55,000 died.

Now—at least until the consequences of defeat are felt in places like Thailand and Korea—the nation will turn its attention to a remaining nightmare, the economy. Of course this nightmare is directly related to the other two. The largest single cause of the current economic sickness was the devious financing of the Vietnam War in the middle 1960s. And the primary cause of the continuing sickness is a Congress utterly indifferent to the unelected occupant of the weakened Presidency.

It might seem like an exaggeration to call the state of the economy a nightmare. After all, the conventional wisdom is that the recession has reached bottom. But consider a few facts, beginning with facts about the heart of the American economy, the automobile industry.

The February program of price "rebates" cost the industry $100 million, including promotional costs. All it accomplished was to steal from future sales—to move up car purchases that would have been made anyway. This killed whatever chance the industry had for its usual spring sale surge. As a result, the industry is facing its worst second quarter since 1962. In the first twenty days of April sales fell 24 per cent below a year ago, and even 2 per cent below the first twenty days of March—the slack days after the rebate programs ended.

Ford Motor Company says that in recent years it has been making an average of $150 a car. Small cars are the least profitable. But Ford's smallest rebate was $200, on small cars like the Pinto. Now Chrysler, which can not have a profit picture better than Ford has, says it is going back to $200 rebates. Chrysler spent 25 per cent of the industry rebate costs, although it gets only 12 per cent of the sales.

Rebates are just dressed-up price cuts. And unvarnished price increases are coming. Chrysler says its cars will cost more in 1976. Its 1975 cars cost $400 more than its 1973 cars, which in turn cost more than 1972 cars, primarily because of government-mandated antipollution and safety equipment. General Motors' first quarter net income fell 50.8 per cent below even the dismal 1974 first quarter, when the energy crisis was upon us. Ford's first quarter this year was its second worst since 1956.

THE INDUSTRY must sell about 9.5 million cars a year to cover costs. Today its sales are at an annual rate of about six million. This is a disaster for Detroit, where unemployment in some neighborhoods is over 60 per cent and supplemental unemployment benefits are running out. But continuing weakness of the automobile industry is a disaster elsewhere, too. It severely hurts glass and tire companies in Ohio, and carpet companies in Georgia. This dramatizes the central role of the automobile industry in the economy: a huge amount of domestically produced carpeting is for the floors of automobiles. That is one example of why it is no exaggeration to say that one-sixth of the American work force is employed, directly or indirectly, by the automobile industry.

But the consumer is still on strike. And nothing in the news about the economy is going to encourage the consumer to come back to the marketplace.

The official unemployment rate is at 8.9 per cent, and is vastly understated: probably a million people who want to be in the work force have become demoralized, and have quit looking for jobs. But even the misleading official statistics will shatter the psychologically important 9 per cent ceiling soon, when about four million people leave high schools and colleges and 500,000 of them fail to find work. The economy must grow (it is, of course, contracting) about 4 per cent a year just to absorb such normal growth of the labor force. In the worst postwar recession, that of 1957-58, unemployment only exceeded 7 per cent for eight months. Today economic optimists say unemployment statistics do more than any other factor to provoke Congress into the kind of "stimulative" spending programs that make matters worse.

SO FAR the housing industry, like the automobile industry, has resisted exhortations to recovery. Housing starts are at an annual rate of 900,000, 60 per cent below the 2.5-million 1973 record. The inflation rate is falling, which proves what no one ever doubted, that inflation can be fought by making the economy dreadfully slack. But the inflation rate is about 8 per cent, triple the tolerable level, and about double what it was in August 1971, when Mr. Nixon decided it was intolerable, and imposed wage-and-price controls. When the government buckles down to the business of borrowing enough money (or printing enough of it) to finance deficits averaging, say, $50 billion for, say, four years, the inflation rate will be . . . one reaches for a sufficiently terrifying adjective, and settles for "British."

It seems like only yesterday that the Administration was fighting the use of the word "recession" to describe our current shambles. Then Secretary of Commerce Fred Dent (who is now special trade negotiator) was saying that the economy was just suffering a "sideways waffle." Today unemployment among black Americans is 14.6 per cent, among black teenagers it is 40.2 per cent, and summer is coming. File that fact under "nightmares, ended." □

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Reflections on Defeat

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

No doubt part of the reason we Americans are more upset about this Indochina failure than most other peoples would be is our lack of acquaintance with defeat. (Or *are* we really so terribly upset? How much of the trauma exists only in the media's hyperbole?) We expect our country to win when it gets into a contest. Even the Korean stalemate plus the Bay of Pigs flop didn't erode that cheerful expectation.

Most nations, even the greatest, have had a good many defeats along their way, as well as victories; in war as in most human pursuits, you win some and you lose some. Sometimes they have defeats that seem total, and yet after a bit pull themselves together and carry on, sometimes in better shape than ever. Few defeats have been more devastating than Germany's two in this century, Japan's one, or Russia's in 1914-1917.

France has won dozens of wars and lost dozens, all over the world as well as all over Europe. Sweden looks passive nowadays, but she had centuries of victories and defeats throughout Eastern Europe and Russia. Sir Francis Drake sank the Spanish Armada, but Spain continued to exist and to rule a vast empire for centuries thereafter. Persia has been downed just short of the count by Greeks, Macedonians, Parthians, Romans, Arabs, Turks, and Mongols, but after 2,500 years is again up and swinging.

One Step Too Many

In the history of dynamic, expanding nations, there normally occurs—sometimes several times if the history is long—a recognizable type of defeat that is explained as resulting from "overextension." The dynamic nation, in a sequence of wars that may include secondary defeats but is on average successful, stretches its rule to more and more acreage and peoples. Then, sooner or later, it stretches too far. It undertakes the one more operation which, the outcome proves, it cannot carry through. The historians then say that the nation in question had become "overextended." This does not really tell us much about the specific causes of the specific defeat. But at any rate the failure proves that the nation was not ready, willing, and able to finish what it started.

The overextension phenomenon appears in the history of all the European powers. We could even interpret our own revolutionary war as a case of English overextension. George Washington would presumably be Ho Chi Minh; the rebels, the Communists; the colonial Loyalists, the South Vietnamese; France, the Soviet Union; and George III, the fusion of Kennedy-Johnson-Nixon.

For the Western mind, Rome is the primary model for historical understanding, and in Roman history the central overextension episode is clear-cut. While conquering Gaul for expanding Rome in 58-51 B.C., Caesar made several excursions across the Rhine against the Germanic tribes. For more than a half-century thereafter, one Roman general after another fought to subdue the tribes and add Germany to the Empire. In 9 A.D. a powerful Roman army under Quintilius Varus was annihilated by the Germans under Arminius in the Teutoburg Forest, not far from modern Berlin. This defeat convinced Augustus that Rome had indeed been overextended on its northeastern front. In his coldly rational way, he concluded that Rome must draw back to the Rhine. This redeployment was made, and Rome continued in business for another four centuries.

Measured quantitatively, our defeat in Indochina is a minor affair. Our total casualties were only a little more than those for a single year on our highways; the $150-billion cost is less than two years' HEW expenditures. How important the defeat is strategically we can't be sure of for a while; this will depend less on what happened than on how we react. After a continuous movement westward from the beginning of our national history—from, in fact, the beginning of our embryonic pre-national existence—we reversed direction two years ago. We had fought a great war a generation earlier to prevent imperial Japan from instituting its Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. We then swung our strategic *limes*, pivoting on Alaska, west to East Asia's offshore islands and, in South Korea and Southeast Asia, to the mainland. Were these shore stations offensive beachheads or defensive outposts? Potentially, they were either. If they (and the island stations also, including Japan) were, or have become, the latter, then the withdrawal is not too surprising: defensive outposts exist to be withdrawn from at the suitable moment.

But along a given strategic line, once you have withdrawn from one outpost, the others come under greater pressure. Already we see that our withdrawal from Indochina is leading toward withdrawal from Southeast Asia generally: Thailand (where we have had a very powerful base) makes that plain. South Korea? Taiwan? Okinawa? the Philippines? Japan itself? It is not a question of tomorrow or the next day, but it is hard to see how the further withdrawals can be indefinitely delayed, unless there is a drastic shift in strategic thrust and national attitude.

Drawing the Line

Assuming that the shift proves impossible or undesirable, where will the new line be drawn after we have abandoned all the positions on and near the Asian coastland? There are signs that Guam and the Marianas are being thought of, with Alaska still as pivot, and the Hawaiian islands in support. But those little spots on a big ocean—unlike the positions we are abandoning—have neither the size nor population nor resources to become major and more or less permanent bases. They could be only a temporary screen, serving for the period during which the basic strategic defense line swung all the way back to our Pacific coast, with Hawaii becoming the forward outpost.

In spite of all the fuss, maybe the Vietnam defeat will not have much repercussion. More probably, it is the start of U.S. withdrawal from mainland Asia. Not improbably, over a somewhat longer time it signifies also more general withdrawal from the Asian region of the Pacific. Possibly it means something much more fateful: the withdrawal not merely of America but of the West from Asia. □

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POLITICS '76

A New Party: Eventually, Why Not Now?

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

THE TIME IS ripe—and more than ripe—for the creation of a new, broadly based major party. Please note that I specify a "major" party—which is to say, a party like the Democratic and Republican Parties, consisting of a nationwide *coalition* of interests and capable of capturing both the Presidency and the Congress.

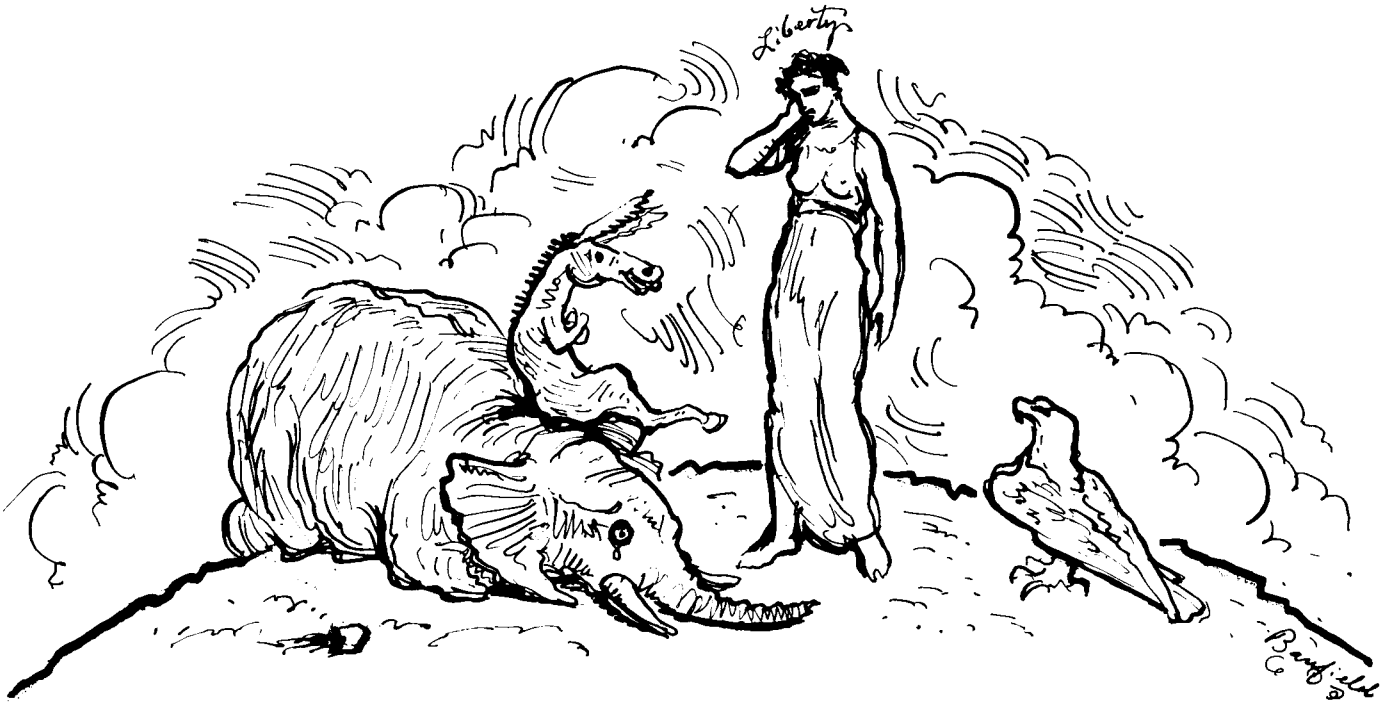
Since a party must have a name, and since fate appears to be beckoning this one into existence on the 200th anniversary of our country's independence, I propose to call it "the Independence Party." I hasten to add that I don't feel strongly about the matter of a name, provided only that it is a generic one and thereby avoids the sort of fatal particularization that helped to destroy the Greenback Party and the Prohibition Party.

Conceivably the Independence Party, once brought into being, might for a time coexist precariously with the present major parties. But the myriad factors which are conducive to a two-party system in the United States will tend instead to force it fairly quickly in one of two directions: either toward total replacement of one of the present major parties (almost certainly the Republican Party), or toward the gradual erosion of its own major-party pretensions into typical "third party" status, whence its issues and voters can ultimately be co-opted by one or both of the present major parties (again, primarily the GOP). The latter fate, while not by any means necessarily worse than death (since after all the issues and voters thus co-opted would play a perceptible and perhaps even central part in shaping the course of the co-opting party—as the Progressive and Socialist Parties did vis-à-vis the Democrats in the decade following 1924), is emphatically not what the founders of the Independence Party should have in mind. Their aim should be to do to the Republican Party what the latter did to the Whigs: namely, replace it *in toto*.

A careful study of the Whig analogy, as well as more general considerations, suggests that the replacement of a major party in the United States requires, at a minimum, the following fairly rare combination of circumstances: a basic issue that sharply (though not necessarily equally) divides the party to be replaced—and probably the opposition party too; a fresh impulse regarding that issue, to be found among voters both within and outside the fading party; a countertendency on that issue, among certain members of that party, who then naturally tend to gravitate toward the existing opposition party; and finally a strikingly weak leadership and organizational structure in the party to be replaced.

The political situation today fulfills every one of those requirements:

1. Since at least the early 1950s, the basic economic division in the United States has been, not between the old categories of the haves and have-nots, but between those elements at all economic levels of the society who, as the producers, still subscribe to its original basic values, and those who are converts, voluntary or otherwise, to the liberal world view: a world view that is militantly secular, heavily guilt-ridden, and perhaps even subliminally suicidal. The new division is based on a growing resistance to the all too successful attempt of a new class of liberal verbalists, centered in the federal and state bureaucracies, the principal



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media, the major foundations and research institutions, and the nationwide educational establishment, to run the United States for the benefit of interests (notably their own, and those of a huge welfare constituency) conformable to that world view.

Thus, for example, liberals are obsessed with the need to rectify, by federal intervention, the injustices historically perpetrated by whites against the black population of the country, as well as other wrongs allegedly committed against a whole series of newly-discovered and acutely self-conscious "minorities," ranging from homosexuals and American Indians to Spanish-speaking citizens, flower people, prison inmates, and women—a guilt syndrome so familiar that *The New Yorker* some years ago ran a cartoon of one policeman saying to another, apropos a woebegone figure who has entered the station house, "He says he's a white liberal and he wants to turn himself in."

Conservatives are certainly not blind to the fact that wrongs have occurred in this country, but neither are they compulsively driven to express their distress in the form of federal largesse, often dispensed in response to shrewd lobbying, without careful consideration of the costs or possible consequences. Accordingly they tend to oppose ever expanding federal involvement in welfare and such grotesqueries as forced integration of the public schools (including busing, which many liberals, whose own children are so often in private schools in wealthy areas dependably white, find it easy to favor). On the other hand, a subtle animus against religion typically leads liberals to resist, on grounds of maintaining the separation of church and state, all efforts to reinforce the modest but vital religious elements in our national life, including school prayer; conservatives typically favor them.

In the field of foreign affairs, liberals are hostile to the governments of South Korea, South Vietnam, Nationalist China (Taiwan), the Philippines, Spain, South Africa, Rhodesia, Chile, and Brazil, and correspondingly warm toward Communist China, Madame Gandhi's India, "democratic" Portugal, the ex-colonial black nations of northern and central Africa, and Castro's Cuba. They are also detente-minded, critical of the Pentagon and the CIA, and disposed to be enthusiastic about SALTs I and II. On every score, conservatives disagree.

FINALLY, conservatives emphatically do not share the regnant liberal impulse to diminish this country, and indeed all mankind, by governmental efforts to achieve Zero Population Growth, by indulging in cataclysmic fantasies of the Club de Rome type, or by federal support of such widely offensive policies as abortion and euthanasia.

2. The same hostility to the liberal world view, and to the new class that battens on it, is widely felt within the ranks (though seldom to be found in the leadership) of the Democratic Party. It loomed large in the 1948 "Dixiecrat" rebellion of J. Strom Thurmond, who later defected to the GOP and became one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Alabama Governor George Wallace, who contested various Democratic presidential primaries unsuccessfully in 1968 and had already won the Democratic primaries in Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Michigan when he was shot in 1972.

3. A fresh conservative impulse, bluntly opposed to the liberal views and forces described above, has been struggling for effective political expression in America for nearly twenty years. Prior to about 1950, many of the voters who now describe themselves to Dr. Gallup as "conservative" were concerned primarily with economic issues in a society where the distribution of forces ranged them on the "liberal" side of many questions and prompted them to vote Democratic. But the outbreak of the cold war, the issue of domestic Communism, the longer-range implications of liberalism in the field of social values, and the steadily increasing size and cost of government and its exploitation by a whole new class of nonproducing verbalists, augmented by a huge and apparently permanent welfare constituency, have gradually loosened the allegiance of those voters to the Democratic Party and brought about a growing convergence between their views and those of traditional economic conservatives.

The leadership and organization of the Republican Party are today at an all-time low. In state after state it scarcely exists at all

When the election of Dwight Eisenhower failed to give this conservative impulse voice and force, it began to organize itself largely outside both major parties. In 1961, however, conservative Republicans mounted a successful drive to co-opt the new impulse to capture the 1964 presidential nomination for Barry Goldwater. Unfortunately the effort fell far short of its full potential impact at the polls that November, largely because Lyndon Johnson's accession to the Presidency briefly returned to the Democratic ranks a substantial segment of the national conservative majority.

In 1968 the conservative movement missed a key opportunity to win national power behind Ronald Reagan, because Nixon succeeded in persuading a majority of the conservative delegates to the Republican convention that the ever present need to appease their own liberal fellow Republicans justified his nomination instead—whereupon George Wallace pressed his third party candidacy, got ten million votes, and thereby again divided the basic conservative constituency.

In 1972 Nixon, having abandoned almost every serious principle of conservatism save those few (notably opposition to busing) which he had reserved as necessary to compete effectively against Wallace, succeeded in winning the united conservative majority to his banner—though only because Wallace's candidacy was ended by a bullet, and because the Democrats played into his hands by nominating McGovern. These circumstances being almost surely unrepeatable, the conservative impulse must be regarded as still seeking adequate institutional expression.

4. The Eastern liberal wing of the Republican Party, drawn from the ranks of upper class WASPs and their fellow travelers, finds itself acutely uncomfortable, yet not

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To the purists of any school, compromise is of course anathema. How sweet it would be, if only we happy few could persuade a majority of American voters that we alone possess the truth and deserve to win all by ourselves!

altogether powerless, under the domination of the GOP by its conservative majority. After Goldwater's convention victory in 1964, several of the leading spokesmen for liberal Republicanism (including Rockefeller, Lindsay, and Javits) flatly refused to pledge their support for his election. And their followers got the message: Goldwater lost heavily in just about every state, and every election district, where there was an appreciable number of liberal Republicans. The conservatives, in response, made the fatal strategic concession of consenting to the nomination of Nixon in 1968, and thereby recouped these losses for the party to some degree, but by 1970 liberal Republican defections were under way again, led by some of their major spokesmen. New York's liberal Republican mayor, John Lindsay, who had lost his own party's nomination in 1969 and won reelection in a three-cornered race as the Liberal Party candidate, now changed his registration to Democrat. And while Lindsay's move was easy to attribute to his own strategic necessities, rather than to any deep disaffection among upper class WASPs in general (since Lindsay's personal following in the city was largely Jewish, black, and Puerto Rican anyway), he was soon followed out of the GOP by yet another prominent Republican sprung from the party's bluest Eastern blood: Westchester Congressman Ogden Reid, scion of the family that had owned the liberal Republican *New York Herald Tribune*.

Of the remaining leaders of the Republican Party's relatively liberal Eastern wing, Rockefeller alone has shown the slightest tendency to drift toward the right. This however is merely a tropistic response, on one or two cautiously chosen fronts, to the clear implications of his own private polls. If he had, as Lindsay and Reid obviously think they have, a long enough career in active politics ahead of him, he would in all likelihood be trending leftward, either within the Republican Party or (more probably) to and beyond the Democratic Party, as rapidly as they. Instead, by luck and hard work he has managed to become the vice presidential choice of a Republican President of the United States who apparently believes that he has thereby strengthened his own position with the American people.

5. Lastly, the leadership and organization of the Republican Party are today at an all-time low. In state after state it scarcely exists at all. In part this is due to the long term shift of financial support from the party to individual candidates—but this, in turn, is squarely the result of the party's essential meaninglessness. No one can effectively lead or even work for the Republican Party today, because no one can possibly say what it stands for. It simply defies categorization—and defies it, moreover, not (like the Democratic Party) in the interests of a fructifying opportunism to which nothing human is alien, but in a sterile and futile effort to moderate the hostility of leftist blocs that have no intention whatever of voting for it, and to preserve the loyalty of a liberal Republican minority whose only real function is to prevent any effective coalition with formerly Democratic social conservatives.

We are justified, then, in concluding that the essential preconditions for a successful new major party in the United States exist, and that the Independence Party might plausibly hope to replace the Republican Party altogether in the reasonably near future—permanently capturing from the Democrats in the process huge segments of the old Roosevelt coalition that the Republican Party has signally failed to attract or retain, and losing to the Democrats only the liberal Eastern WASP elite and its fellow travelers. (Do not, incidentally, make the cardinal mistake of confusing these "limousine liberals" with the great bulk of middle class Protestants in the Northeast or elsewhere. The latter bloc, which is huge but—as the triumphs of the old Roosevelt coalition conclusively demonstrated—insufficient to elect a President all by itself, shares most of the views I have described above as characteristically conservative, and should be a basic political resource of the Independence Party.)

But it is not enough to establish that the preconditions for a new major party exist in this country. We must also be firmly prepared to have it behave as one after it has been created. The archetypal characteristic of a major party in the United States, as distinguished from a third (or "splinter") party, is its protean ability to co-opt and compromise the interests of large blocs of voters in what each must recognize—as the Democrats so successfully do—as the equally high interest of winning. The Independence Party must share that ability or it is not worth forming.

To the purists of any school, compromise is of course anathema. How sweet it would be, if only we happy few could persuade a majority of American voters that we alone possess the truth and deserve to win all by ourselves! But, if I may be forgiven a truism, this is a pluralistic society, and it is simply not to be expected that such specialized movements as ultralibertarianism or the New Left will win national power strictly on their own. Even the Roosevelt victories were achieved only by linking Northern liberalism to a wildly different and in many ways flatly contradictory Southern Democratic tradition. (Mencken acutely described the Democratic Party of his own day as "two gangs of natural enemies in a precarious state of symbiosis"—a definition that fits the famous Roosevelt coalition even better.) The victory of which John Kennedy's death conceivably cheated Barry Goldwater would have been, despite the intensity of the faith displayed (and triumphant) in the GOP, the victory of a broad socio-economic conservative coalition. That coalition would have fallen apart very quickly unless the Republican Party had taken swift and successful steps to consolidate it by appropriate policy compromises. As for the New Left forces that succeeded in imposing George McGovern on the Democratic Party, they simply never had a chance: there wasn't, and still isn't, any other

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major bloc in the American society willing to consent to any compromise that leaves them dominant.

If, then, those of us who long for a new and forthrightly conservative party can conceive of no better course than to put in the field a candidate representing only our own private bouquet of beliefs, without significant allies, we can expect the traditional rewards of virtue, but not those of victory. We will deserve the scorn that veteran Washington newsman Peter Lisagor displayed during a television discussion shortly after the congressional elections of 1974. When another panelist mentioned that there was much talk among conservatives of a new party, Lisagor sneered, "Well, if they want to run Barry Goldwater again, let 'em." He assumed, it seems clear, that some group of economic conservatives was thinking either of an attempt to impose a narrow purist on the Republican Party and the nation, or (more laughable yet) of an attempt to field such a splinter candidate against both major parties, under the aegis of a typical third party. He was sure he knew what the result was bound to be—and he was right.

It is up to conservatives to surprise Mr. Lisagor by their willingness to compromise.

THE Great Coalition that cries out to be institutionalized —the coalition that so nearly came into being behind Goldwater in 1964, and again behind Reagan in 1968, and that actually existed briefly and triumphantly under the unrepeatable circumstances of 1972—is, of course, a coalition between the economic conservatives and those other blocs and interests which, thanks to the liberal assault on fundamental social values and the shift in the axis of economic division to one that pits producers against nonproducers, have come in the past quarter-century to identify themselves with the conservative critique of liberalism. Let us look at the voters in question, paying particular attention to the demographic and geographic composition of the two basic categories: economic conservatives and social conservatives.

Geographically, economic conservatism is so widespread in the United States as almost to defy categorization. This is so because, in demographic terms, it is virtually coextensive with the American middle class, and displays a substantial degree of penetration into upper and lower economic strata as well. That is not to say, by any means, that every middle class American is an economic conservative. But wherever middle class Americans are to be found—which is just about everywhere—a substantial body of conservative opinion on economic issues can be identified among them. Economic conservatism is the dominant secular faith of the American middle class. Businessmen and housewives, professional people, engineers and white-collar workers in general, all (in their majorities) subscribe to its basic tenets.

Social conservatism, on the other hand, is predominantly a movement of the lower middle class and portions of what would be the American "proletariat" if its behavior warranted that Marxist term. Its appeal, therefore, is powerful among those who work with their hands: "hardhat" industrial workers, small farmers, and the blue-collar population in general. Because of the ethnic character of the migratory waves that filled these important ranks in the population, social conservatives in the Northern states are drawn particularly heavily from Catholic ranks—not only Irish Catholics, who came first and are now widely absorbed into the middle class (and thus into economic conservatism), but Polish, Czech, and other East European Catholics, and (last but far from least) Italian Catholics as well.

Just how powerful would a coalition be, if it combined the votes of a substantial majority of America's economic and social conservatives? The election of 1972 brought this very coalition into being, albeit briefly, in opposition to the liberal candidacy of George McGovern. The result was an overwhelming triumph for the conservative coalition. Only Massachusetts—where the economic conservatism of the middle class has been heavily eroded by the liberal leanings of the old and locally numerous WASP elite, and where we also find the nation's heaviest concentration of liberal academic and other verbalist communities—and the District of Columbia, with its 78 per cent black population, escaped the sweep of the Great Coalition. We cannot count

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on the Democratic Party nominating so pronounced a liberal in 1976 or 1980, but there is every reason to believe that, even against a more moderate liberal, the conservative coalition would be the dominant force in states with a comfortable majority of electoral votes. Like the Republican Party today, the Democrats would be crippled by the need to remain reasonably attentive to the demands of their left wing. Kevin Phillips' 1969 estimate (in his seminal though misnamed *The Emerging Republican Majority*) rings true: the Democrats would be able to count only on the Northeast and a few outriders.

Almost as important, it is both logical and realistic to assume that the dominance of the Great Coalition in presidential elections would extend to contests for the House and Senate as well. The whole business of party identification, which has weakened so spectacularly during the long period of Republican debility and Democratic universality, can be expected to revive when the Independence Party comes into being and takes its stand for principles congenial to a united conservative majority. Behind its candidates for the Senate and House, the voters will be able at last to break the 45-year grip of the Democratic Party on Capitol Hill.

Just how powerful would a coalition be, if it combined the votes of a substantial majority of America's economic and social conservatives?

Of course, nothing worthwhile is ever achieved without sacrifice, and the formation of the coalition I have described will entail losses as well as gains—though the gains will far outweigh the losses. The principal loss will be among the upper class WASPs concentrated in the Northeast (a region which, as just noted, is probably destined to be Democratic territory anyway). These voters, while presently still registering Republican in fair numbers, were largely educated in the liberal-dominated academies, are heavily influenced by the liberal media, and thus are already all but lost to one or another political manifestation of liberalism: either purely nominal Republicanism (à la Javits, Mathias, Schweiker, Case, and Brooke, in the Senate), or the Democratic Party, or the New York State Liberal Party, or Naderist consumerism, or John W. Gardner's "nonpartisan" agency of liberal good works, Common Cause. They are culturally a world away from the ethos and concerns of social conservatives, and indeed represent much that the latter instinctively oppose. It will be no very wrenching experience to bid them a firm farewell.

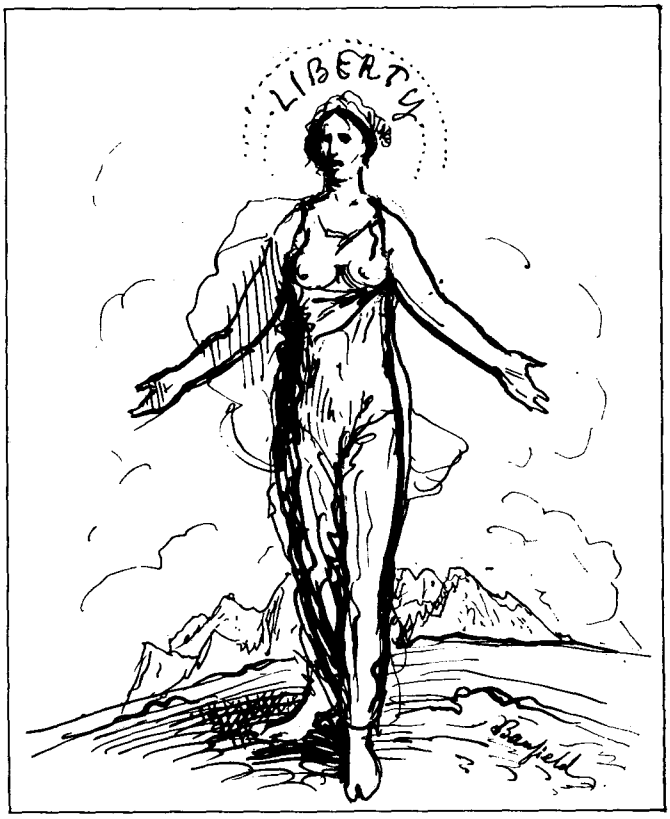
Two objections that will undoubtedly be raised to the formation of the Great Coalition may as well be disposed of here. The first is that the effect of such a coalition will be to drive the Democratic Party further into the arms of its remaining supporters on the Left, and that this strongly leftist Democratic Party, as one of the country's two major parties, will become the only alternative for a national Administration when a change is required.

But this prognosis totally ignores historical experience, which is that a major party out of power invariably moves *toward*, not away from, its successful rival, unless the co-option of some new political impulse offers a more attractive alternative. Thus the Republicans, in their long exile during the Roosevelt years, moved toward the New Deal policies while continuing to oppose them. For the Democratic Party to wait for the pendulum process to return it to power under leftist leadership is the least conceivable outcome.

THE OTHER objection will be, not so much to the idea of a Great Coalition per se, but rather to the proposition that it should serve as the basis for a new major party. Granted that such a coalition is desirable, this argument runs, why can't it be formed and housed within the Republican Party? Third parties, however ambitious, are notoriously ephemeral institutions, whereas a Republican President is occupying the White House today. Surely this is no time to abandon a bird in the hand for one in the bush?

I am alive to the force of the argument, and it is not theoretically impossible that the Great Coalition I have suggested could find a home in the Republican Party. Heaven knows Republican conservatives have tried hard enough to co-opt the impulse for their party. Conceivably the effort might yet be renewed, and succeed—though such a decision would be resisted bitterly by the liberal minority in the Republican Party, which has hitherto opposed it successfully most of the time. But apart from liberal Republican opposition, it seems to me that several important considerations militate in favor of institutionalizing the coalition in a new major party.

In the first place, while it is true that the name "Republican Party" commands certain instant loyalties that no new party could hope to match, it is also true that it incites certain automatic hostilities that a new party should be able to avoid. In the Deep South, for example, where the Republican Party still suffers from the folk memory of a vindictive



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Reconstruction, there is more to be gained than lost by offering voters conservative policies under a brand-new label. All over the country, wherever the Great Depression of the 1930s is recalled and blamed—however unfairly—on the Republican Administration that preceded it, social-conservative sentiment is sure to be put off, in some degree, by an attachment to the Republican Party, or to "Republicanism."

In the second place, looking toward 1976, the Great Coalition must be in a position to make a clean break with the Ford Administration and the Ford-Rockefeller ticket. It is obvious that this nation is headed for deepening economic difficulties in the remainder of 1975, and probably in 1976 as well—unless Ford proves his mastery of presidential politics by pumping fresh money into the economy just before the election and thereby contrives to postpone the ill effects till afterward. As in 1930-32, the Democrats in Congress find themselves in a position to block really effective economic remedies, while blaming Ford for any painful consequences—leaving him hanging there, so to speak, "twisting slowly, slowly in the wind." Ford has made this tactic just that much simpler for the Democrats by selecting as his Vice President (and, implicitly, his 1976 running mate) a man whose name is, in many eyes, the perfect symbol of vast, misused, and irresponsible Eastern wealth.

If the Great Coalition is to make unmistakably clear its lack of responsibility for, and its opposition to, the economic catastrophe that is overtaking the United States under Ford and Rockefeller, then it must divorce itself sharply not only from them personally, but from the party that sustains them.

WHAT, then, is the political base of the Independence Party? It is, quite simply, that 59 per cent of Americans with an opinion who described themselves to Dr. Gallup as "conservative" in May 1974. Whether that figure is marginally too high (or too low) is unimportant: the point is that there are a whale of a lot of conservatives in this country. They do not agree among themselves on everything, any more than Democrats do. But the issues on which they agree outweigh, and have for easily 15 years outweighed, the points on which they differ, and they are more than sufficient to justify a new party.

Whatever their individual economic circumstances may be, both economic and social conservatives are unabashed patriots. Distrusting the Russians and Chinese Communists as much as ever, they favor a defense posture so clearly overwhelming that no rational foreign power would dare to challenge it, and believe deeply that the rewards of working should clearly outweigh the compensations of welfare status. Neither economic nor social conservatives have nearly so much in common with the new liberal verbalist elite which (without the slightest stake in our society as producers) saturates the national news media, controls the educational process, operates the major private foundations and research institutions, inspires the federal and state bureaucracies, maintains and is forever expanding the welfare class, and largely dominates American foreign policy.

Can these agreements on fundamentals, between social and economic conservatives, serve as the basis for a new Independence Party, which will then spell out in detail policies worthy of the support of a majority of the American people? I believe they can, and I predict that they will. □

Firing Line Guest: Pandora

Mr. Buckley: If curiosity is the hallmark of intelligence,
our guest tonight must have a leviathan IQ,
Because, as everybody knows, she just *had* to look into that box which was the debut
Of all man's woes.
And this even though the gods had commanded her to keep her pretty nose
Out of places where it didn't belong.
I guess, Pandora, you know by now you did wrong,
However late in the season it is to sing the blues.

Pandora: I hope to make this one of your more exciting interviews,
By having another look into the box tonight.
I think conditions are just right.

Mr. Buckley: I rather think I should put a stop
To it, before we all end as fossils in The Old Curiosity Shop.
I mean, how the dickens can the human race stand any more wear and tear?

Pandora: Oh, you conservatives are all alike with your,
Fools rush in where
Angels fear a flat.
Surely you see, Mr. Buckley, that's not where it's really at.
Where would man be if he did not thumb his nose at Prohibition?
High and dry! Fear of the unknown must not scare one into submission.

Mr. Buckley: But I *know* what came pouring out the last time you took a peek:
That's the reason I came down with the flu last week.

Pandora: Great Zeus! The ancients have long since proved the connection between the germ
And the infirm
As a scientific fact.

Mr. Buckley: I'll stick to the modern view that it all goes back to your rash act
Of lifting that lid.

Pandora: I can see there's only one way to get rid
Of such hoary superstitions. I propose a test:
We take this little chest
I hold,
And pull the old
Cover up!

Mr. Buckley: Golly, I think I just caught your germ! Okay, Pandora, go ahead and shove 'er up.
I just hope we don't precipitate
Another Watergate.

—JOHANNES EFF

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DELAWARE, INC.

Little Business and the Naderites

KEVIN LYNCH

You don't have to read the *Wall Street Journal* to know that 1974 wasn't a banner year for American business. According to Dun & Bradstreet, the national incorporation figures for the first ten months of 1974 were 3.1 per cent lower than those of 1973. When an economy is healthy, an entrepreneur is encouraged to take a chance on a new business or a new product that he thinks might make our lives easier or more enjoyable and his profits fatter. But 1974 wasn't a healthy year; inflation combined with recession made many would-be entrepreneurs reluctant to captain their own ships.

However, one state did buck the downward trend. In the first ten months of 1974, 9,124 corporations were born in Delaware—an increase of 22 per cent over the state's totals for the same period in 1973—and Mr. Ted Nicholas was responsible for about 2,500 of them. Without Mr. Nicholas and his Company Corporation, which provides corporate services to clients located outside Delaware (it's possible to form a corporation in Delaware without ever setting foot in the state; all that's required is a mailing address within the state), the state incorporation statistics for 1974 would have declined by 7.1 per cent. Primarily responsible for Mr. Nicholas' success is a book he's written: *How to Form Your Own Corporation without a Lawyer for under $50*. Not the jazziest of titles, but since its first printing in January 1973 over 100,000 copies have been sold. Mr. Nicholas' book provides all the forms one needs to incorporate one's very own industry.

Nobody is happier for Mr. Nicholas than Delaware officials. The state's highest source of revenue, after income taxes, is its Corporation Department, which receives about $50 million a year in franchise taxes. Although it's the second smallest state in the union, more companies are incorporated in Delaware than in any other state. Over 70,000 corporations have chosen Delaware as their state of incorporation: 33 per cent of the corporations on the American Stock Exchange, 38 per cent of those on the New York Stock Exchange, and 251 corporations in the "*Fortune* 500."

School officials at Delaware's Brandywine High School recently invited Mr. Nicholas to teach a two-week seminar to Brandywine juniors and seniors telling them what it would take for them to succeed in their own business. The students were fascinated. For some time Mr. Nicholas had been considering starting a college for entrepreneurs, and his experience at Brandywine showed the idea had possibilities. But to be certain, Mr. Nicholas decided to try high schools in another state.

New York City, while it may be the financial capital of the world, is not noted as a hotbed of capitalism. If New York students proved receptive to becoming entrepreneurs, Mr. Nicholas would be satisfied that he was on to something. Mr. Nicholas got more invitations than his schedule permitted; he chose a high school in each of the five boroughs. The New York school system, it turned out, was a hotbed of Horatio Algers.

Then, a few months ago, Mr. Nicholas received a letter from the Corporate Accountability Research Group, a Ralph Nader group devoted to, among other things, protecting the American people from corporate wickedness. The Nader organization intends to propose a Federal Corporate Charter Act which would supersede state laws for the 500 largest manufacturing and retailing corporations in the nation. The group wanted information about Mr. Nicholas' Company Corporation and the aspects of the Delaware corporation law that caused him to choose Delaware as his state of incorporation. Since the proposed law would only affect huge corporations, Mr. Nicholas was assured that his book and corporation service—used primarily by small businessmen—would be unaffected.

But Ted Nicholas was not to be drawn. In a letter to Joel Seligman of the Corporate Accountability Research Group, Mr. Nicholas said they would get no assistance from him. A Federal Corporate Charter Act, he wrote, "could well be the forerunner to absolute federal control over all corporations. The result could be fascism."

There was a quick reply from Mr. Seligman. No one, he said, had done more to reduce federal domination over business in the past ten years than Ralph Nader. The U.S. economy is dominated by three, four, or five giant corporations, and Nader's only desire is to re-establish free enterprise. By removing the state from the corporation business and allowing the Federal Government to assume responsibility everyone would benefit—anyone could incorporate without any cost whatsoever. There is such a thing as a free lunch.

Mr. Nicholas' experience at Brandywine and the New York high schools was coming in handy. He patiently instructed Mr. Seligman about the operation of the free market. After attempting to disabuse him of the myth that a few corporations control most of American business, Mr. Nicholas informed him that the Federal Corporate Charter Act would by no means be enacted without a cost. "It would cost a great deal," Mr. Nicholas said, "to run the huge bureaucracy necessary to administer such a program. All American citizens, most of whom are not corporation owners, would necessarily pay the cost. The people who receive no direct benefits (consumers) of corporation ownership would be forced through the government power to tax, to underwrite all costs. The corporate owners (producers) would receive the direct benefit at no cost to them."

But Mr. Seligman remained unconvinced. Legislation calling for a federal corporation law will be introduced in late September. "We are being very solicitous of Delaware," said Mr. Seligman. "What we are going to propose will be some sort of dual system requiring the largest corporations to be chartered both federally and by state." □

Mr. Lynch writes the regular "On the Left" column in the NR Bulletin.

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HOSTAGE CAPITAL

All the Arabs are actually getting in exchange for their oil, says the author, is "hostage capital." Now that they realize that, the rules of international investment will have to change

A Long Term Look at Petro-dollars

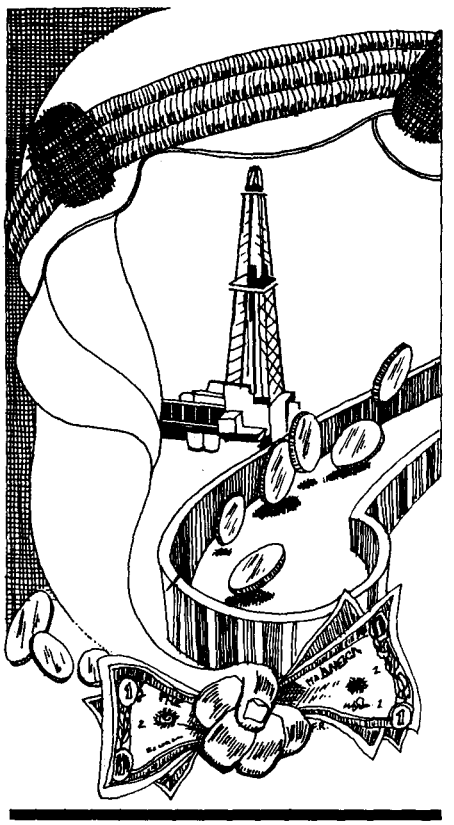
PHILIP D. BRADLEY

THE INADEQUACY OF present arrangements among nations for the international investment of capital is dramatized by the emergence of what may be called "hostage capital"; i.e., foreign capital at the mercy of a state which may at any time decide to confiscate it. The conditions that create hostage capital can be seen in several of the Arab petroleum exporting nations.

The first economic objective of these Arab nations is the creation of capital. The process is as follows: a wasting subsoil asset owned by the state, namely petroleum, is pumped to the surface, and then exchanged on world markets for a variety of foreign currencies—petro-money, as Ibrahim Oweiss calls it. The process is completed with the disposition of the petro-funds. I refer to this sequence of events as the "conversion process."

If the Arab oil resources were privately owned, the rate at which oil was produced would reflect the owners' attempt to maximize profit—or, more generally, to maximize the present value of the income to be realized from the exploitation of the oil resource. Even with state ownership, Arab policymakers must find a rational economic basis for deciding the rate of oil production.

However, many in the oil importing countries suppose that because the Arabs have introduced political considerations into the process, oil production is much smaller than would be the case if policymaking were governed by purely economic criteria. It is held that in the normal course of economic events, the higher oil prices set by the Arabs would be offset by increased oil supplied from non-Arab sources, but that the cartel agreement among all the principal oil exporting countries prevents such ameliorative action of the market. The falsity of this view may be exposed by an analysis of the conversion process.



In the first phase of the process—when oil is produced and then exchanged on the world markets for petro-funds—the principal economic problem is how to determine price. But although policymakers may differ, the problem does not raise novel questions of principle or require previously unknown solutions.

Nor are novel principles required in the second phase—when it must be decided what use the petro-receipts should be put to. Each of the Arab oil states faces the same alternatives, despite their differences in population, land area, and location.

Petro-receipts could be held as dollars, marks, etc., thus in effect transforming oil into paper—hardly a rational policy when oil is appreciating and paper currencies are depreciating. Or they might be used to finance a higher level of domestic consumption. In this case, the national oil resource is transformed into cars, swimming pools, foreign travel, and so on. But with the exhaustion of the oil resources in a generation or two, consumption would diminish to something like its original level; so that only overwhelming prospects of catastrophe—war, or a cheap substitute for oil—could justify such an "eat, drink, and be merry" policy. Moreover, given time, as high a level of consumption can be achieved permanently without any reduction in the net value of national assets.

Converting into Capital

To accomplish this latter goal, Arab petro-funds must be converted into new capital projects. Moreover, since Arab domestic economies seem unable to absorb much of the petro-funds now being generated, most of these projects must be located beyond the borders of the Arab oil nations themselves.

It is tempting to view the conversion process as essentially a matter of asset management. A subsoil asset, on this view, is converted into funds, then into income-yielding assets; the new assets, wherever located, thus replace the old, and, if properly chosen and managed,

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provide a continuing flow of income even after the subsoil assets are depleted.

But to conceive the conversion process as nothing more than asset management is to oversimplify and obscure the unique problems the Arab policymakers face. Merely to invest the vast flow of petro-funds in short term obligations, while protecting the principal, requires, in a highly unstable world financial system, first class investment skills. Moreover, to acquire relatively low-yield assets of this kind is not to operate the conversion process in such a way as to maximize present value. That goal requires the investment of a great part of the billions of newly generated petrodollars in mostly new capital projects lying beyond the borders of the Arab oil states.

In the free world, this sort of project is the creative product of entrepreneurial activity. The yield on Arab investments, therefore, will depend largely upon the vigor of such activity in the free world. And Arab policymakers themselves can do very little to stimulate entrepreneurial activity outside their own states. Unlike the professional man—the lawyer or professor—and unlike the professional manager whose services can be bought in the open market, the entrepreneur creates his own demand, and develops the projects he himself envisions.

Keynesian Fiction

The great investment fiction of the last forty years has been the idea that the main limitation on economic growth is a shortage of funds for development. A number of huge international institutions stand as memorials to this conviction. Supply the underdeveloped areas of the world with international funds, it was taught, and these economically backward areas will spew out new goods and services like a vending machine that is fed coins. Like the associated fiction that inflation and unemployment cannot coexist, this naive Keynesian view of the economic process especially appeals to those who would like to control and direct national economies. To introduce the entrepreneur as a necessity in the economic process is, of course, to offend the analyst who finds the entrepreneur an uncongenial, uncontrollable creature, and who, perhaps as a consequence, has spent his professional life creating economic models where the unwanted one never intrudes.

Arab policymakers, on the other hand, must hope that the entrepreneur is vigorously alive, for unless he is, massive Arab investments will only drive down yields on existing projects, as well as anticipated yields on all planned projects. And as yields fall, the Arab policymaker who is guided by the goal of present value will reduce oil production. Thus the welfare of the consumer in the oil consuming states also depends directly—as it always has—on the level of entrepreneurial activity.

I know of no way to forecast accurately the level of such activity over, say, the next ten years. It will probably be much less vigorous in the United States than it would be if the public had not been systematically miseducated about the entrepreneur's role. I therefore expect that the oil exporting nations will supply less oil, and obtain higher prices, than would be the case in a time when entrepreneurs were intensely active.

If all petro-funds not invested domestically were invested abroad, within ten years a huge economic entity would be created beyond the borders of the Arab states, an economic state beyond the political state. The political and economic consequences of this historically unique body would be numerous and complicated.

By acting in concert, the Arab states wield enormous economic power, and the oil importing states that serve as domiciles for Arab investments will hardly dare confiscate or otherwise mistreat those investments. Yet each year, Arab economic power will decline in nearly direct proportion to the annual increase in Arab international investment. The exact date when the threat to embargo will be offset by the counterthreat to confiscate can be estimated with almost mathematical precision.

Nor is it likely that the Arab states' noneconomic powers will increase much as they develop their oil resources. At the present level of technology, oil is not convertible into military power sufficient to protect Arab investments abroad. The same is even truer of diplomatic and political power.

When these nations have invested a great deal more beyond their borders than other nations have invested within their borders, and when in addition they lack the power to protect their extraterritorial investments, then their extraterritorial investments must realistically be regarded as "hostage" capital.

Any nation that stands to lose more than it gains in a confiscatory exchange with another nation shares, to a degree, the position of the Arab states. Thus nations of Lilliputian power regularly confiscate, however language may disguise the act, the investments of United States nationals. Nevertheless, the generally abject response of the U.S. to these acts does not prove that even the most powerful nation in the free world lacks the capacity to protect its extraterritorial investments. What the U.S. lacks is not power, but the desire to take the lead in creating new arrangements that would vastly increase international investment.

Arab Survival

Although the total loss of American investments abroad would have immense consequences, there is little doubt that the political economy would survive the shock. And it is difficult to imagine how any significant proportion of these investments could be lost through the confiscatory acts of other governments (except in war) unless the U.S. Government invites the action.

If the present conversion rate is not reduced, Arab states will within a decade be more vulnerable than any other country, including the U.S. By then, a large part of their original oil resources will have been transferred beyond their borders and their effective control. And these investments will be held hostage for Arab cooperation in international affairs. How Arab political and economic institutions could survive confiscation of such investments is not clear.

How, in a world where politicians exploit economic misunderstanding to stimulate confiscatory appetites, can the Arab states reconcile the economic requirements of the conversion process with political realities? Investment might be placed on a bilateral basis, with no investment in another country being greater than that country's investments in the Arab states. Or foreign investment might be forgone altogether. A third possibility is to limit investments to those countries that are most dependent upon oil imports, thus delaying the day when the confiscation and embargo threats come into balance. A fourth possibility is to permit no more investment in a single country

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than the Arab states calculate they could afford to lose without disastrous domestic consequences. A fifth is to distribute investments as widely as possible among free world nations.

Adoption of any one or all of these policies would require a great reduction in oil production. A combination of the third, fourth, and fifth would enable the Arabs to adjust most easily to the present level of political economic morality.

An investment strategy based upon these criteria rather than upon purely economic ones would, in addition to lowering oil production, reduce the volume and change the distribution of Arab investments abroad.

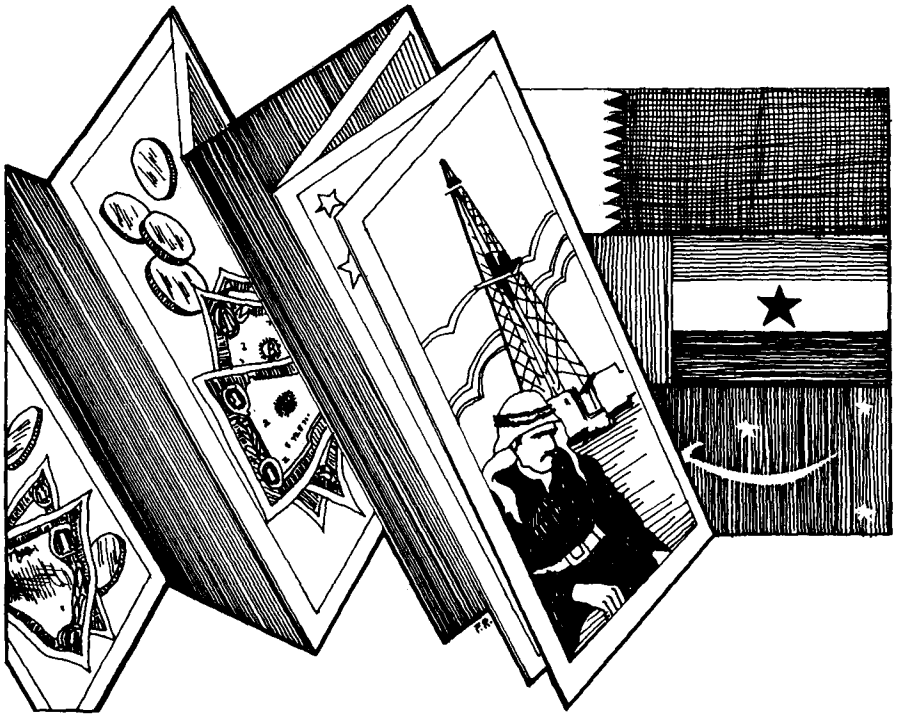
How Much to Sell?

Internationalization of Arab capital, the last alternative considered here, is a procedure which would inspire little confidence; it derives from the slender hope that by making their investments anonymously—through Swiss banks, for instance—the Arabs can conceal their ownership of their investments. Already a group of U.S. senators, eager to protect the American public from all the benefits produced by a more plentiful supply of capital, has introduced a bill requiring the registration and identification of foreign investors.

In setting the rate of the conversion process, the Arab policymaker must distinguish carefully between the controllable and the uncontrollable elements in the process. He cannot raise the level of entrepreneurial activity in non-Arab lands. Nor can he curb the confiscatory proclivities of non-Arab politicians. He can, however, choose among different investment strategies, and within limits, a superior strategy will support a larger volume of international investment than would an inferior one. Likewise, within fairly narrow limits, domestic investment can be made to respond to policies it is within his power to enact. On balance, however, it is mainly the elements which the policymaker cannot control that are capable of increasing investment.

The one really important factor the Arab policymaker does control is the rate at which oil is pumped. It is precisely his right to use this power to serve Arab objectives that is being challenged by many persons, public and private, in the non-Arab world. Yet in the United States, as in most free world countries, the right of an individual or a corporation to decide at what rate corporate or personal assets are exploited is not seriously challenged. Still less would Americans give a serious hearing to any foreigner imperious enough to suggest that he or his government had the right to participate in determining the output of, say, our automobile or farming industries.

If the Arabs, in exercising rights we take for granted, follow the present-value rule—and an impressive body of economic doctrine taught in the universities of oil importing nations holds that rational management seeks to maximize present value—at what level would they set output from their wells? My estimate is that the Arab states, taken as a group, are now producing at least twice as much oil as they would if they were guided only by the consideration of present value. Entrepreneurial activity in the non-Arab world is not creating enough high-yield projects to attract more than a small percentage of Arab petro-funds, and the attractiveness of even these projects diminishes as latent confiscatory attitudes surface. As a consequence, the bulk of Arab petro-funds goes into short term deposits and into the governmental obligations of other nations. The average rate of return on these investments, even without allowing for massive losses the Arabs have taken on stocks, is below the average rate of inflation in the nations where the investments are being made. In brief, the Arab states are using up their capital: the value of the assets they are acquiring is less than the value of the oil assets they are giving up.



The Arabs' Subsidy

This conclusion flatly contradicts the popular notion that the Arab states promote their interests by using the oil cartel to exploit consumers in the oil importing countries. Participation in the cartel obscures the reality: that output from Arab wells would be drastically reduced, and world prices would be much higher, if the Arab states were guided by the present-value rule. The difference between what the oil importing states now pay, and what they would pay if the Arabs reduced output to achieve maximum present value, is the unacknowledged and unappreciated subsidy the Arab states grant annually to the oil importing world. What oil importing peoples are now demanding —stripped of political guile and economic misapprehension—is simply a large increase in the annual subsidy.

The economic issues in the oil controversy reduce, finally, to this: the demand of the West for more oil at lower prices cannot be reconciled with the Arabs' interest, under generally accepted economic principles, in reducing supply. Although Arab policymakers lack the power to stimulate the entrepreneurs or to check the confiscatory

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RELIGION

SLCV-ICET-WXYZ, and Hi-Ya, God!

DANTE GERMINO

SOME YEARS AGO, the Standing Liturgical Commission (SLC) of the Episcopal Church was given the task of revising the Book of Common Prayer. By May of this year, the SLC's revision (SLCV) will be completed. And there is a real danger that it may be adopted at the 1976 General Convention, under the misapprehension that it would make the Church's language more "relevant." The results of the SLC's labors should be quite appalling for members of the Church and for religionists in general, and quite fascinating for students of the degeneration of language and human ritual.

In the SLCV, what we have to contend with is a wholesale cheapening by an unsophisticated few, without the cognizance of the many, of what was until recently a staple of our worship and faith. For the Book of Common Prayer was not valuable for faith and rite merely in its *content*. Its real value was in its *form*. It was a product of an age which knew how to write. Vivid, fresh, alive, sensitive, rich, it gave a sense of transcendence, of openness to a spiritual reality beyond the confines of our "everydayness."

For us moderns who have ceased knowing how to write and who stammer incommunicado about ourselves to ourselves, the Prayer Book was more than a possession or a historical monument. It was an instrument for speaking among ourselves and with God about God. The SLCV is a bastardization of it. It has no stylistic beauty, no euphony, no cadence for public worship. It lowers our perception to the banality of the material and the crass. Its authors love "relevant" words like "power," and dislike words such as "repent" and "heartily sorry." Inevitably, when you impoverish language, you impoverish thought and feeling. If, when requested to state she is marrying this man, the bride responds not with the solemn, definitive, and self-committing "I do," but with a cocky Mae West "Sez You!" her sense (and ours) of what she is doing is changed. And, at times, in the SLCV, you almost expect to be told that Christ split from His Tomb, and to see an ancient *Alleluia!* come out as Hi-Ya, God!

Take the new version of the Nicene Creed originally proposed by the SLC and modified by the International Consultation on English Texts (ICET). Reading it, you discover that terrible theological naïveté which consists of dropping ancient concepts because they are ancient, and replacing others because we are too mentally lazy to understand them. You end up, of course, dropping or replacing your theology.

The "I believe" of the Creed, accepted over the centuries in the actual worship of the Western Church, becomes "We believe." Why? Merely out of a wish to be relevant to the current sociological craze which would have us define the individual in terms of the group? But this is just as crass in psychology and love as it is lethal in matters of belief.

The SLCV-ICET similarly omits the terms "substance" and "incarnate"—both redolent of profound theology, of vital beliefs, and of intricate Christian pondering on the mysteries of faith. Of course, they are not "now" words. Besides, modern psychology denies any substance to a person, divine or human. God, one supposes, is merely like us, a synthesis of fleeting acts. And "incarnate" is probably too fleshy a word. Gotta be more subtle.

Over and above that, someone should tell the authors of the new version that "one in *being*" is not a translation of the original Greek *ousia*. (And someone else should tell them that to say, in the Apostles' Creed, that "[Christ] descended to the dead" is bad English and a senseless cacophony which says merely that Christ died, whereas the old "he descended into Hell" echoes a whole theology of redemption for the millions who died before Jesus.) As for "Maker of . . . all things visible and invisible," this becomes unbelievably "Maker of . . . all that is seen and unseen." It is almost embarrassing to point out that "invisible" is not the same as "unseen," nor is "seen" the same as "visible." Patty Hearst is unseen but certainly not invisible. The other side of the Moon is visible but not seen. "Unseen" in the context of the Credo and creation seems to connote a problem of bad lighting in the universe or astigmatism in the believer or sneakiness on God's part. But "invisible" was always used in order to connote a nonmetric, nonphenomenal, spiritual depth to reality which is not merely *unseen* but *unseeable*.

You can go on and on for the entire length of the SLCV-ICET, assailed continually by linguistic horrors, inexplicable deletions of substantive theological terms, mistranslations, shoddy substitutes of "vogue" words for the traditional resonances of our ritual worship, and presented with a spate of almost "palsy-walsy" talk for the original reverential dialogue with God, with Spirit, and with Jesus which the Prayer Book afforded us. In many of the original prefaces, petitions, and prayers, the SLCV by a simple device has turned humble acknowledgments of God's attributes into an information session with God at the receiving end. The original Confession of Sin in the Prayer Book now becomes a Slap on the Wrist of the Almighty, by omitting any expression of personal unworthiness and having us tell God just where it's all at and what He is to do.

AFTER A while you begin to understand that, after all, the members of the SLC have lost almost entirely any true feeling for ritual and for the ceremonious. They have operated as if man were not a historical creature indebted to past generations for his traditions and responsible to future generations for handing on those traditions intact. What some have called "present-ism" ("Present is all, is all!" screams one of the latest Jesus figures on Broadway) is usually born of ignorance. But in the SLC's case, where ignorance is inadmissible, any "present-ism" must be a mere slavish attempt to be "with it." And you further under-

(Continues on page 575)

Mr. Germino, professor of Government and Foreign Affairs at the University of Virginia, is also a member of the Episcopal Guild of Scholars.

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Legislation to Promote Misery

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

LET'S KILL an industry and make its workers suffer. If the industry relies on a natural resource, let's make it impossible for men to take an interest in owning and cultivating that resource. If that resource is threatened by industrial pollution, let's make it impossible for the industry based on that resource to take legal action against the people who are destroying it. So far so good.

Now let's make it a law that the industry shall not use tools more modern than those available in 1885—or 1485, for that matter. That should keep production per worker at a low level, guaranteeing a low wage and perhaps helping to keep the market price of the product higher than it would have been —aha! a side benefit! we'll really sock it to the consumer! Good. Now let's admit that the internal combustion engine has been discovered, if not perfected, and let's permit our industry to make use of this new gadget one day per week. How did we decide it should be one day a week? By rational planning, of course. How else can you kill an industry?

Very good. Now let's make it a crime to increase production by any means. We'll set a daily limit on the amount the workers can produce. That ought to put a limit on their wages. That should also put a limit on the earnings of the businessmen who own the 1885 tools. In fact it should guarantee that no new tools will ever be built. At today's wage rates in the tool business, who can buy a tool manufactured to 1885's specifications, with 1885's outlook on productivity?

Swell. We've got them on the ropes. Are they miserable enough? Let's make sure they work under the most uncomfortable conditions possible. Conditions that were considered rough in 1885. That should just about do it.

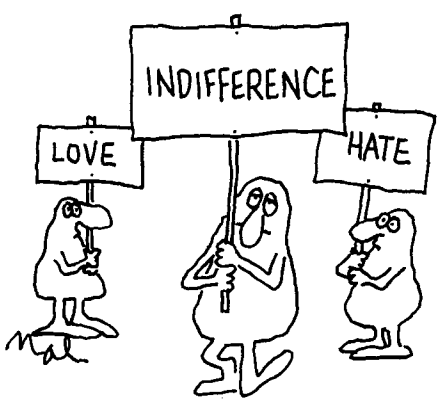
I jest, surely? No, I'm simply describing the operation of the oyster fishing industry in the Chesapeake Bay. Betcha didn't know that the oysters are harvested by *sailboat*. Betcha didn't know the boats are called skipjacks, the design goes back a century or more, and some of the boats still working are as old as ninety. Nor did you know that Maryland law forbids the use of power except on Monday, that the daily haul is 150 bushels per boat, no more, that deck hands on launches are limited to 25 bushels each, that wages are lower now than they ever were in the past, that the sailboats are so slow that they have to stay out overnight sometimes, causing the crew to sleep in the damp crowded quarters of the forecastle, that the oyster beds are dwindling because of pollution (well, maybe you did know that), and that the fishermen are in no position to take legal action against the sources of the pollution.

WHAT IS fundamentally wrong in this situation is that the oyster beds are removed from the economy and placed under the control of the polity. If they were part of the economy, they could be bought and sold. An entrepreneur could buy them, exercise his riparian rights to force upstream malefactors to cease and desist. He could increase the yield, develop better strains of oysters. He would surely stop using sailboats and would use motor launches, and the wage rate per bushel would drop to a fraction of what it is now. Men now working in misery to harvest the beds would be employed more comfortably in tending and cultivating them. Conditions of employment would improve. Wages would rise. Production would increase. The market price of oysters would fall. Quality would improve. And everybody eats strawberries.

A thousand years ago, when no one knew how to survey the trackless sea, it might have made sense to say no man can lay claim to this or that piece of the ocean floor. But we have surveyed the floor of the whole Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the hindquarters of the Moon, and the canals of Mars. Can't we survey the oyster beds, the whole Chesapeake Bay, and sell the land to private industry? As Dickens noted, great American fortunes have been founded on land sold while under water. Why stop a good thing now? George Washington, that young surveyor and old land speculator, would have snapped up the opportunity.

The shellfish catch on the Eastern Seaboard is now about 5 per cent of what it was at the turn of the century. In that sweet distant age, as Nock reminds us in his memoir, you could get fresh quahogs, delivered to your townhouse, for 25¢ per hundred. Four fresh clams, delivered, for one penny. Today only the celebrant eats oysters. A century ago, less than that, the shellfish was a staple of the diet. Of course the Indians, who didn't have the blessings of government to limit the catch and hobble the harvester, lived on the things.

This is no oddity. It is not some kind of special case in which governmental procedures have failed. Governmental systems of manipulating men and goods are always less productive, higher-priced, and more uncomfortable than free-market systems. Wherever you find shortages, rationing, confrontations, violence, misery—look for the politicians behind it all. Look for the critical gap in whatever industry you're studying—the gap where private ownership ceases. There's crud in broadcasting because you can't *own* a frequency, decay in oyster beds because you can't own them, chaos in air traffic control because no one owns it, collapse in postal service because it's a crime for men to own and operate a post office . . . The bureaucrat promises order and prosperity, but everywhere and always he brings chaos and misery. How much must this country suffer before it learns that lesson? □



William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Saving Independent Colleges

ONE KNOWLEDGEABLE gentleman of my acquaintance thinks that no American independent colleges will exist ten years from now. A score of respectable liberal-arts "private" colleges closed their doors forever during 1974; at least as many will vanish during 1975. If nearly all such private foundations vanish, our higher education will become a monopoly of the state—as it already is in most of the world.

It seems improbable that tax credits or some form of "voucher plan" for college students would be adopted by the Federal Government, despite friendly dispositions in Congress. Such forms of assistance to "private" universities and colleges as a few state governments now offer, or have in prospect, are too scanty to afford any important relief. If the independent colleges are to endure, they must work out their own salvation.

It won't suffice to turn to the charitable foundations for operating funds. There isn't enough foundation income to go round, even were all of it expended in support of such colleges and universities. Besides, the big foundations, like the Federal Government, often attach disagreeable conditions to such grants as they make to church-related colleges; or they refuse to assist at all, unless a college agrees to sell its Christian birthright for a mess of pottage. Too many Catholic universities and colleges already have stripped their halls of religious art—even the crucifix—and altered their curricula, in hope of obtaining the "Bundy money." Survival isn't worth that price: old houses have stood long enough if they stand till they fall with honor.

No, independent universities and colleges will not be rescued by any *deus ex machina*. For the most part, they must finance themselves from endowments (more difficult than ever before, what with present inflation of the dollar); from tuition fees; from contributions on a considerable scale given by church communicants, if a college retains some church connection; and from the benefactions of alumni. These sources of sustenance will dry up, unless an independent college vigorously reaffirms the principles for which it was founded. I suggest below three of the more important of those principles.

1. Faith. With few exceptions, independent universities and colleges in this country were established by Christian churches, in the hope that these institutions would school Christian scholars and gentlemen. Nowadays, however, the parent churches (with the honorable exception of the Southern Baptists and a few other denominations) do little to help the colleges in which once they were earnestly involved.

"Faith" does not necessarily mean faith in Christian doctrine. If a college strongly professes its faith in any body of belief, it will attract some support. But if any independent college seems to be attempting on a limited budget merely what state institutions are undertaking at public expense—why make sacrifices to save it? So, at any rate, many people will inquire.

2. High academic standards and academic community on a humane scale. The independent college, to endure, must promise the student something better than he could obtain at Behemoth State U. But what with their distresses, many independent colleges will accept nearly any "student," however unpromising, who offers himself or is offered by his parents. And during the expansion of higher education after the Second World War, many decent private colleges took into their faculties second rate instructors and professors, not being able to afford the better. As for the humane scale, most independent colleges still offer that—if only because they simply can't find enough young people to occupy their dormitories.

Here we may allow some cheerfulness to break in. An increasing number of young people have become aware that it is not well for them to be lost in the lonely crowd at Behemoth U. The prospects for attracting a sufficient number of interested students to a liberal-arts college, then, are better than they have been at any time since America entered the Second World War—provided that the college really does offer something more for mind and heart than does the gigantic campus and can contrive to make its merits known to intending collegians and their parents. (The typical high-school guidance counselor, himself a product of Behemoth U., often discourages high-school seniors from applying to independent colleges.)

3. Specialization. Here I do not mean that the independent college should convert itself into a technological institute or a business school—which foolish policy has been the resort of at least a hundred former liberal-arts colleges in recent years. No one will adventure much for the sake of a second rate hybrid: the state will do a better, or at least a more costly, job of technical training.

Rather, I mean that an independent college can remain a good liberal-arts foundation, and yet attract students and benefactors by offering some special program of instruction, not directly vocational and still concerned with a genuine intellectual discipline. One thinks of the New School for Social Research, or the programs of undergraduate study in the law being developed at Albion and Olivet Colleges, in Michigan.

Beating Out Behemoth

I suggest that a college which develops a high reputation for a program in musicology, or in political economy, or in quantum mechanics, or in ethical studies, or in imaginative literature, or in some other decent discipline, will have a better mousetrap to which interested students may beat a pathway. And not only the students with special interests will arrive: other students (and their parents) will gather that this college must be in general a sound college. In fine, the independent college that endures must excel, not underbid, in its competition with Behemoth U.

So much for what the independent college *ought* to be doing nowadays, but usually is not doing. Before long you will find on this page my observations upon what the typical independent college *is* doing nowadays, but ought not to be attempting. □

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Arts & Manners

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Barbarous Scythians

The exhibition of the art of the ancient Scythians which is breaking attendance records at New York's Metropolitan Museum is a once-in-a-lifetime affair, one of the few incontrovertible pluses of East-West detente, at least as far as art lovers are concerned. It consists of 180 objects, most of them solid gold, produced by those mysterious nomads of the Eurasian steppe, the Scythians. Ordinarily they are on display—though only to a privileged few—in the Gold Rooms of Moscow's Hermitage and the Kiev State Historical Museum; none has ever before been permitted to leave the Soviet Union and even there they are off limits to ordinary citizens. Except for the remarkable holdings of West Berlin's Museum of Primitive Art, which has lent some of its finest pieces to this exhibition, and scattered examples in Philadelphia's University Museum and the Metropolitan itself, there are few examples of this art in the West. Thus the importance of this show, which will travel to Los Angeles this summer and then to the Louvre, can hardly be exaggerated. Seldom has there been anything to match the sheer blinding beauty of these objects, and the installation is little short of perfect.

It seems incongruous that the Scythians, whose fame from ancient times to ours has rested largely on their barbaric reputation, should have been able to create or even appreciate works of art of such refinement and delicacy. Even Herodotus, the fifth century Greek historian who encountered them on his far-flung travels, found them a mysterious and repellent people, and they remain enigmatic to us; they had no written language, no coinage, and because they were nomads ranging the steppes of Siberia and Asia Minor on horseback, carrying their possessions with them, they founded no cities to yield up information to archaeologists. Until the discovery and systematic excavation of their tombs in the 1880s, Herodotus' description of their bloodthirsty customs was dismissed by historians as fantasy. But what has emerged proves him to have been scrupulously accurate: in a time not noted for humane concerns, the Scythians deserved the Olympic Marquis de Sade Medal for cruelty-as-lifestyle. War and pillage was about all they enjoyed; they murdered their prisoners and drank their blood, mixed with wine, from cups made of their skulls, so as to acquire their enemies' strength; they also used tanned human skins to make cloaks and arrow cases. What most impressed Herodotus was their obsession with gold—and considering the quantity and quality of what has been found, his amazement was understandable. The gold objects range in size from tiny embossed buttons a fraction of an inch across to large decorated libation bowls, sword scabbards, and helmets; the magnificent Kiev pectoral, excavated in 1971, is made up of 48 individually modeled figures and is a foot in diameter.

Though we know the Scythians were roaming over what is now Mongolia as early as 3000 B.C. and that they entered the Near East around 1000 B.C., the earliest bronze and gold ornaments so far discovered date from the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. Buttons, belt clasps, and fibulae are decorated with stylized animals—deer, bulls, birds' heads, horses, lions, and panthers (the last two revealing contact with Mesopotamia, since these animals are not native to Scythian lands), and fabulous beasts, half-animal, half-human, like those of Assyrian carvings. These were apparently made by the Scythians themselves. They are remarkable for the way recognizability is combined with an economy of design akin to that of Cubism, and for their controlled, rhythmic force, the savagery of the wild beast tamed by the artist's powerful sense of form. Often these animals evoke similar Chinese motifs, a reminder of the probable Far Eastern origin of these strange people.

SOMETIME in the course of the fifth century the Scythians, then at the height of their power—they had defeated the redoubtable Darius of Persia in 514 B.C.—started employing Greek craftsmen to work their gold. Whether these were slaves captured in battle or free workers is unknown; certainly they were unsurpassed as artists. Nor is their work in any sense a provincial reflection

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of contemporary Greek art; though classical motifs abound—one large pendant is adorned with the most accurate copy so far discovered of Phidias' statue of Athena Parthenos—most of it is marked by a realism seldom encountered in Greek art of the period. These miniature masterpieces present us with a vivid picture of the Scythians: how they dressed, how they strung their bows, sewed their garments, drank *Brüderschaft* out of a single drinking horn in the ritual described by Herodotus. This minute accuracy extends to their depiction of animals, flowers, even insects. Yet the concern with fact is always subordinated to the formal requirements of the design with a skill Cellini might have envied.

Equally fascinating, though less visually spectacular, are objects made of such perishable materials as Chinese silk, leather, embroidered felt, and carved wood, found in barrows near the Altai mountains, source of the Scythians' gold. These fragile things survived just because, paradoxically, ancient grave robbers looted their gold soon after the tombs were closed; water seeped in and the rest of their contents became part of the permafrost. One such tomb contained the embalmed body of a prince whose skin tattoos, described by Herodotus, are still clearly visible; among the objects buried with him was a cauldron containing burnt hemp, mute remains of the ancient pot parties that so puzzled the Greek historian.

By the end of the fourth century the Scythians had disappeared from the world stage. There have been numerous conjectures as to their fate; perhaps these skilled horsemen are identifiable with the Sarmatians whose armored cavalry was so admired by Rome's generals. In any event, the influence of their art lingered and spread, ultimately reaching the outermost limits of Christendom: when an Anglo-Irish monk, sometime in the seventh century, sat down to illuminate the Book of Kells, he used as models for the grotesques with which he adorned his text animals and birds whose Scythian parentage can hardly be doubted.

This is an exhibition which not only feasts the eyes, but opens our minds to a little-known portion of the past. □

Ruth Berenson *is* NR*'s art critic.*

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Reefer Madness

To read *Rolling Stone* as I do, without knowing what The Who, Grand Funk, and Led Zeppelin sound like, let alone whether they have lately broken up, OD'd, or got busted, is to feel that you are really Missing Something. It is like opening a Russian novel in the middle, and needing a while to catch up, without being sure it is worth it. For *Rolling Stone* is written especially for people within its milieu: what used to be called the Counterculture. It is the Establishment underground tabloid, the

Wall Street Journal and *Women's Wear Daily* (though George Will calls it the *Weekly Reader*) of the rock set.

Of course all this is changing somewhat. *Rolling Stone* is inching toward MOR. (Middle of the road, dummy.) It carries features these days about people even I have heard of, like John Denver and Raquel Welch, as well as articles by, and interviews with, its idea of grownups, like George McGovern, Seymour Hersh, Norman Mailer, and Richard Goodwin. Sometimes it even has gems like Tom Wolfe's series on the astronauts and a funny piece on *Playboy* and its rivals in the MOR porn trade, with a fullpage color picture of Hugh Hefner rakishly posing with his arm around his girlfriend—whose face was airbrushed out.

In a come-on in *Ramparts*, *Rolling Stone* advertises itself as "*much much more* than just a music magazine and *miles above the underground* . . . a biweekly trip to the head, heart, and soul of contemporary America . . . intensely personal . . . frankly biased . . . endlessly curious . . . sensibly paranoid . . . totally irreverent. We're printing stuff the uptight hidebound establishment press is neglecting, overlooking, avoiding, misunderstanding, or laundering. But it's so first-rate that we're beginning to attract readers over 30 who don't even own a record player!"

"Sensibly paranoid": that is, seeing threats from every quarter except Russia. "The JFK Assassination: Why Congress Should Reopen the Investigation"; "The Secret Foreign Policy of Standard Oil"; "The Nuclear Industry's Terrible Power and How It Silenced Karen Silkwood"; "Did Nixon Legally Win the 1968 Election?"; Hunter Thompson; Tom Hayden; and the like. (You supply the movie, Mr. Zapruder, we'll supply the conspiracy.) Nobody this side of Liberty Lobby has linked so many people to so many plots—and at least the straitjacket Right can't be accused of having a pecuniary interest in hysteria.

Then again, many young people these days are less paranoid than they affect to be; like Hamlet, they may be feigning madness, just as they adopt a studied slovenry. I heard a railway bartender the other day, a bright young Negro from Chicago, remark that of course the CIA was behind something or other. He didn't, couldn't know that; he even knew that we he spoke to knew he didn't know. But he didn't care; he was merely striking a fashionable attitude, the attitude of that uncertain sophistication that is resolved to show that by God *it* isn't going to be played for a sucker, and pretends to be in the know when it is really in the dark.

That's *Rolling Stone* for you. It never

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wants to appear as if it might be Missing Something. Despite the pose of skepticism, it is animated by a perverse will to believe, because like most bright young people it can't bear the suspense of true skepticism, the doubt—and self-doubt—of honest ignorance. Hence the portentousness of its rock criticism, which is light on technical musical terminology, but heavy with heavy words like "meaningful" and "insightful." Hence the strained efforts to find revelations in every available fragment of reality, from the lyrics of rock records to whatever shadowy photos happen to have been snapped of a bush in Dallas on November 22, 1963. And hence too something like a total reverence for the conspiracy specialist who, like Seymour Hersh, has really got his head together, weaving odd strands of suspicions into a weird web of certitudes.

But it sells, and increasingly sets the mode. The best things in it make the most preposterous seem plausible. "Madness," Dr. Johnson said, "frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question." Likewise, there are so many who believe as *Rolling Stone* does, that their understanding is not called in question —and the very assertiveness of this political reefer madness makes others in the younger set diffident about their own good sense. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

The Winners!

Here are the results of the January 31, 1975 competition. Contestants were asked to provide references for employers, for the assistance of job hunters. There were two reasons for the contest. The first was to create an outlet for the wit and passion that we know slumber in our readers, waiting for a light kiss to awaken them. The other reason was humanitarian. It is well known that it is difficult for employees to get a line on the character and habits of a possible employer. Yet so much depends on reliable information. "Delectations," being painfully aware of the situation from personal experience, hoped that the contest might inspire someone to set up an information service on employers, based or rather modeled upon the results of our contest.

The contest went well. Once more we are full of admiration for the literacy of our readers—and for their knowledge of history, for their intuitive knowledge of what others want to know, and for the tidiness of their offerings. Your judges decided that five offerings were peers. Some, we felt, were a little more equal than the others; this is reflected in the order in which they are printed. Each of the winners will receive a pretty mug, to hold pencils or beer or coffee. No booby prize will be given because it was impossible to choose the worst effort among the many contenders.

HURRAH for Miss Joyce Saenz, of Gainesville, Florida, for her witty and graceful combination of historical knowledge and poetical ease. Here is her entry:

On Henry VIII

His Majesty of late has been
Of sore and savage mood;
He takes no pleasure in the hunt,
He only toys with food.
I've left his household, but I fear
I leave a markéd man,
For I declared that Henry erred
When he left Kate for Anne.
So if you would employment seek
in Henry Tudor's house,
Be acquiescent as a bawd
and quiet as a mouse.

Beg pardon—there's a knock upon my door.
—Your most obedient servant,
Thomas More.

Mike Stein, of East Lansing, Michigan, runs his own employment service with the motto: "Over five minutes of experience." He kindly answered my query thus:

To: Nika
Re: Your request for references regarding employment under Mr. Caligula, Emperor, Roman Empire, Ltd.

Caligula is a maniac. This place has become a madhouse under him. Not only did he put in a horse's behind over me—he put in the whole horse!

—Civilius Servicus,
Asst. Proconsul

When Cal terminates you, you'll know it. Don't expect severance pay, retirement benefits, or much job security.

—His Mother

A lot of people say he's nuts, but I like a challenging job. It's always exciting in these corporations run by the owner. A bright, ambitious young man can really advance quickly. A job here isn't for everyone, but if you like adventure, I can promise you a job unlike any other you've ever had.

—Sycophantor Maximus,
Newly Created General

Can't complain. A full manger, a fat oat bag at the end of the week, apples on holidays.

—Dobbinus Equus,
Proconsul

T. S. Eliot would have been charmed by the reference Judith H. Block, of the Bronx, makes to one of his favorite creations.

And how should I begin?
Mr. J. Alfred Prufrock,
Employer,
Grows old,
And needs someone to help him with a thing or two.
(But don't be bold.)

No. He is not a leader, nor was meant to be:
He hedges all decisions, and is a bit obtuse;
He is cautious, deferential, glad to be of use,
Almost, at times, the Fool
(But I'm being cruel)—
In short, he is afraid.

He grows old . . . he grows old . . .
But how his arms and legs are thin!
Should he leave, or stay, or have his office sold?
And how should you begin
To take his place?
For he has known your tricks already, known them all—
Yet he sees the eternal Footman
Put the writing on the wall,
And he will not resist.

Watch him fret with indecision:
Let us go then, you and I,
And apply
For this position.

Obviously, Jay Colflesh, of Ivyland, Pennsylvania, had his soul seared by

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current politics. We commend him for his letter, and commend him especially for the tact he showed about his previous employer.

George McGovern

If you want to work for Senator McGovern, be ready for "The Test." The Senator sets half a glass of water in front of the prospective aide and asks: "Is this glass half full or half empty?" The correct reply is: "It's half full. What else?"

Senator McGovern is imaginative and intelligent. His solution to the energy crisis: "Make everyone raise the back of his car two feet higher than the front. This will have the effect of constantly going downhill, making it unnecessary to use gas and . . ."

His failure to win the Presidency still gnaws at the Senator. He keeps saying: "I could be President today if I'd offered everyone $2,000 instead of a measly $1,000."

Senator McGovern is a good man to work for if you belong to a minority. It doesn't matter what minority. If you belong to the minority of camel drivers you'll get along fine with the Senator.

It warms the cockles of my heart to note that there are employers who are friends to their underlings. How rarely do we encounter such largesse, such understanding, such delicacy of feeling! Edgar J. Clissold, of New York City, shares his enthusiasm with possible successors:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Nelson A. Rockefeller was my employer from August 1964 to January 1975. As an employer, he was prompt and considerate, always on time with the paycheck and never ignoring such special occasions as Christmas and Election Day. His pay scale is generous, but because he can pay for perfection, he expects perfection to be delivered.

Once you have established yourself as a good deliverer, Mr. Rockefeller becomes your big brother and your personal problems become his problems, if they are within the scope of monetary solution. When he discovered that it had been necessary for me to augment my salary as a CIA agent, by moonlighting, and had thus become his confidential secretary, he remarked that it was his custom to supplement the salaries of government employees, and in my case, it was "small potatoes." Few employers would be so understanding.

Thank you very much indeed, winners and non-winners, and see you next year. □

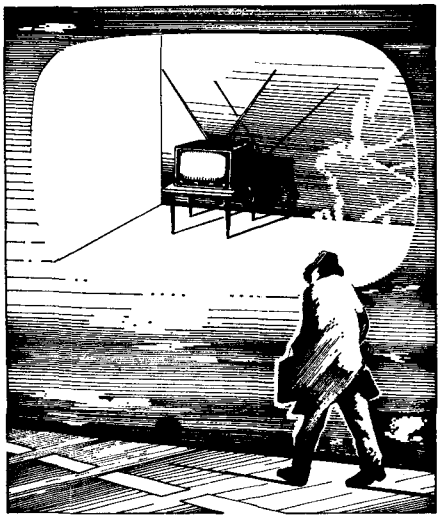
PLACES

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

On the Road

Contrary to American folklore, the traveling salesman does not lead the life of a commercial knight errant, banqueting lavishly at eventide and, under cover of night, picking over the supply of local pulchritude. Rather, he finds himself landed, gasping and flopping, in a motel room which on Tuesday (at Niagara Falls) is blue and green, with a boating party on the wall, and on Wednesday (at Geneseo) is orange and burnt sienna, with a hunting party riding out of the wallpaper. Every other night or so he sleeps in a chamber that is the mirror image of his boudoir of the previous night. He has a color TV with three working channels. Beyond his picture window there is a potato field, or a parking lot, or a gravel pit, or the New York State Thruway. Standing up to the padded bar in the cocktail lounge, he can rub shoulders with the local gentry, who make reservations and drive out from town to dine on London Broil for Two, the Special at $8.95. Joan Rivers hostesses *The Tonight Show* into the early morning.

At eight in the morning the college bookman heaves his portfolio into his Impala (wily sales managers can often entice sales reps into crossing over to their forces with the offer of a Pontiac) and sallies forth into the marketplace. His first indication that he is approaching an oasis of higher learning is the appearance of a watertank looming leggily upon the horizon; after that,



finding his outcropping of sedimentary academic architecture shot with veins of turquoise is as easy for a book traveler as sticking a prof with a free exam copy of *The Letters of Engels*. Finding the Visitors' Parking Area (WARNING: UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE DEMOBILIZED AND TOWED AWAY AT YOUR EXPENSE) is tougher, but no sales rep cares a fig for the solemn notices advising him to proceed directly to the Administration Building ("Ole Main," it's called, if you're at a hoary old school) to register his presence and state his business. Academicians are suspicious folk, and full of fears: such signs give them a sense of security against the lurking apple orchard across the road, and so their administrators indulge them.

THE TRAVELER must now pay a call at the Registrar's office where he can wheedle himself a copy of the academic schedule, telling him who this semester teaches what and when. Almost any undergraduate can direct him to the Registrar, because the Registrar is the person who erases Fs and replaces them with Cs: the kids are helpful too in pointing the way to the Student Center, but are uncertain sources of information if a visitor is looking for, say, the Department of Philosophy. Happily, teachers of philosophy are as easily recognizable as athletic directors, and a wise salesman need only keep an eye peeled for a herd of them, moving moonily on the hoof toward their swamps when the bell goes.

At the more venerable institutions, the professoriat labor in drafty offices with vented windows above the doors; on the mushroomed modern campi (junior and community college buildings generally sit on cornerstones dated 1966) they fester in tiny partitioned cubicles littered with gewgaws: paperweights in the shape of Model Ts, tiny voodoo masks, and Donald Ducks. Being self-expressive people, the profs hang, glue, and pin posters and *bons mots* over the tin and cinderblock, and on their office doors: a black man staring, at dusk, onto a golden sea, over the caption " 'The future of the earth is in our hands. How shall we decide?'—Chardin."

One clipping, which tells the story of a beautiful young couple who arranged a natural birth for their baby and hired a male midwife to deliver

(Continues on page 575)

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BOOKS

Kenner's Code

A Homemade World: The American Modernist Writers
By Hugh Kenner
Knopf, 221 pp., $8.95

D. KEITH MANO

Kenner: the name is preposterously neat: noun from a verb meaning to know, to see, to recognize. Or *kenning*, "in early German poetry, a metaphorical name for something." We have a great critic of literature and literature's civilization called transparently, Hugh (Huge?) Kenner. Trollope's Dr. Fillgrave might attend him. It is too much a confection. I resist.

But he cannot be resisted. Six weeks of my life were taken by *The Pound Era*; I don't begrudge one day. There isn't distance enough to put Kenner in perspective. I want him expressed through action; I want to fight you for him. This man is leviathan, he will not be drawn out by a hook. Sorry case, we have the great American critic and no such novel. Kenner is accurate with a single end-stopped line, as he is with decades of our time. And knowledge—but knowledge comes cheap. Kenner can *write*. Write often better than the men whose writings he has walked so easily among. I mean: T. S. Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, Faulkner. I mean them; he stands with them. And knows it, how could he not? "What the book leaves out should help underline the pertinence of what it includes. Permit that principle, and we shall get on very well." Yes. Yes, sir

huge kenner
who
dares shaveyer
reflection
mornings?

A Homemade World is companion to *The Pound Era*. There probably will be others; *The Pound Era* needs more than one. Both books begin with portentous Henry James, the fogged coastline of a literary age. Kenner infers from the event, from isolable hard facts, as poets, as novelists must do. If Schliemann's "substantiation of ancient Troy" was synecdoche for the Pound, Eliot, Lewis occurrence, then Kitty Hawk serves in a similar capacity for Marianne Moore, William Carlos Williams, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, Zukofsky. " . . . the writer whom Eliot imagines stirs a latency called Tradition, of greater authority than he. Its resonances enhance his voice." For William Carlos Williams, "a poem is a small (or large) machine made of words." Making, most of it rough and risk-filled and lonely: American. "That a language may be less a heritage than a code, and a code moreover that we are free to change, has been suspected in other times and places, but never so much as in America has it been felt in a whole people's bones."

Machines. The typewriter of course. "In no other country would it have been plausible for the telephone to be invented, which allows one to enter another's house without the ceremony of entrance or introduction, and moreover without actually going there . . ." And the motion picture camera. ". . . movies taught audiences . . . a new grammar, that of juxtaposed shots, so that the writer could switch attention rapidly without having to say that he would now pause to take up another thread." (One wonders, too: the long playing record. Would Beethoven have restated themes so nakedly in the third movement of his Seventh, knowing that an automatic arm would make them available again, again, to tedium?) Machines: the American university system included. We have no capital, no Paris, of our intellect: "The American intuition has been to disperse, not to concentrate." "Intelligence travels around the network, not as well as it might, but travels." Kenner admires the classroom: "A curriculum is a grand time-bound surrealism." An invention. Poems of Williams or Moore should be covered by patent, not copyright, legislation.

When they work. And they work more often than novels. Kenner has been biased toward poetry by his ge-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: William Emboden undertakes a pictorial biography of *Sarah Bernhardt* for Macmillan ($10.95). At first you won't believe that the same publisher is also unveiling *Dog Days at the White House*—a scholarly assessment of King Timahoe, Fala, and other First Canines by retired presidential dogkeeper Traphes L. Bryant ($8.95). . . . For Norton, Ben Bradlee of *Newsweek* records his *Conversations with* [Jack] *Kennedy* ($7.95) and Princeton's Robert C. Tucker amasses a huge *Lenin Anthology* ($18.95). . . . Donald Lambro of UPI's Washington bureau follows your tax dollars down *The Federal Rathole* (Arlington, $7.95). The same publisher issues attorney Frank Carrington's tough book on crime and permissiveness, *The Victims* ($9.95).

A novel from Tennessee Williams: *Moise and the World of Reason* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). From the same house, James Pope Hennessy's life of *Robert Louis Stevenson* ($9.95). . . . Herbert L. Matthews retains his enthusiasm for *Revolution in Cuba* (Scribner, $15). . . . *The Zondervan Pictorial Encyclopedia of the Bible* takes a conservative approach (Zondervan, five vols. boxed, $79.95). . . . *Parts of a Lifetime* is a big collection of Djilas' writings, some not published before (Harcourt, $15). . . . Still absorbed in his favorite subject, Philip Roth's latest is *Reading Myself and Others* (Farrar, $8.95). . . . Prepub enthusiasm for *Women in the Wall*, historical novel of sixth century Gaul by Sean O'Faolain's daughter Julia (Viking, $8.95). . . . Another nautical novel by C. Northcote Parkinson, *The Fireship* (Houghton, $6.95).

■ PAPERBACKS. Reissues from Penguin: three of Trollope's Palliser novels (*The Eustace Diamonds, Phineas Finn, Can You Forgive Her?*; $3.50 each) and four Chesterton *Father Brown* collections (July, $1.25 each). . . . Could Mae West's *Pleasure Man* (Dell, July, $1.50) be a rewrite of one of those "novels" she did back in the early Thirties, now collectors' items? No matter; they're all the same. . . . For $1.95 you can now get most of Jeb Stuart Magruder in *An American Life* (Pocket). . . . From Anchor, Robert Fitzgerald's new translation of *The Iliad* (July, $2.95). . . . Reissued by Vintage: Willa Cather's *Sapphira and the Slave Girl* ($2.95) and John Dickson Carr's *Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* (August, $2.45). . . . *The Patriot's Bible* is an assemblage of quotes from the Founding Fathers and their fellows (Orbis, $3.95). . . . Jacques Barzun's *The Use and Abuse of Art* is a collage of lectures (Princeton, $2.95). . . . Scholarly study: *Tolkien's World* by Randel Helms (Houghton, August, $3.95). . . . From Berkley: *The Complete Sherlock Holmes Novels* ($3.95) and *The Complete Sherlock Holmes Short Stories* (July, two vols., $3.95 each).

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nius: it is too exacting to accept whole any construction over ten thousand words. An image might be the flamboyant silk scarves of World War I pilots. ". . . to ease the friction between your neck and your windbreaker collar, otherwise you might be mortally disinclined to keep looking left, right, and behind." An ornament and an invention. Kenner needs to be convinced of utility. Williams' "The Red Wheelbarrow" is paradigmatic; it functions, as does its small subject. There has to be progress in form, in intent, in word value. Kenner is a Darwinist; the chromosomes must change, be reselected, improve. Poets alone can still manage this.

For "Fiction's forms are very conservative, not only through courtesy (or anxiety) concerning what readers expect, but in consequence of its offer to show us people saying and doing what they say and do." Fitzgerald fails, and Hemingway (who wrote at times "nearly as well as Hemingway"), and Faulkner ("ideally we should have his entire work before us at once, including —also, alas, ideally—the books he would have written in a second lifetime"). This incomplete Faulkner is the "last novelist." Pynchon, Barth: "The self-sufficient information machine, coextensive with its physical package, the equilibrium of geodesic forces *Ulysses* apotheosized, had become by the 1960s an elaborate, practical joke, a strange end for the dominant literary form of nearly a hundred years." I protest. So might passenger pigeons against the barrage.

"Styles are *elected*," he says. Kenner's own style is elected, invented, compounded, found. As much made to the purpose as an oyster knife. The colon epitomizes it. I, who live or die by the colon, who have been publicly reprimanded for my colons in a magazine of several million readers, I would never dare use, until my first paragraph above, two in one sentence. Kenner will use *four* at a time; sentences that look like railroad flats. It's an equal sign, shorthand for "like" or "as." The colon marks a style that can encompass "head or tail" and "lucubrations" in the same phrase. A style that marries sophisticated constructions with the elbow-nudge fragment. All spoken in an unannounced second person, to you, familiarly. Colloquial, classical; magisterial, intimate; pointed, fun: a new thing in criticism.

More than that. He makes you willfully suspend belief. I could doubt that Louis Zukofsky existed: the poet who wrote, is writing, a poem not yet complete at 600 pages. But I have been brought up to think that Pound, Eliot, Faulkner were real people, delimited by dates b. and dates d. Kenner reconstitutes them; they are characters in an advanced novelistic form. Certainly his Pound of *The Pound Era* is a hero as Stephen Dedalus is a hero. These people interact in a plot of Joycean magnitude. It's called the twentieth century. Kenner selects features, characteristic actions and dialogue, events from history and biography, that operate in the way Eliot's objective correlative should operate. Which means: I attribute to Hugh Kenner a title he might himself reject. Maker. Innovator. Artist. □

The End of Intelligent Writing:
Literary Politics in America
By Richard Kostelanetz
Sheed and Ward, 480 pp., $12.95

FICTITIOUS COMMODITIES

HUGH KENNER

Literature since at least the eighteenth century has been first of all a commodity, and most books would not have been written save that printers need something to print, publishers something to publish, booksellers something to sell, reviewers something to review. Your favorite publisher knew *how many* books he would issue this spring long before he knew which books they would be: like all businesses, the literary business must regard as its first priority the maintenance of a certain volume of output.

Hence the conspiracy to agree that every year there are several dozen *important* books, allotted an arbitrary lion's share of attention; that at any

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moment the country contains a clutch of *important* novelists (whose books are meant to be the ones that get bought); that there are even poets abroad, and moreover of genius, and moreover a dozen or so (and at least the books *about* them may get attention). None of this was news at all to Jonathan Swift, who had his busy hack assert in *A Tale of a Tub* (1704) that there were at the moment of writing no fewer than 136 poets "of the first Rate" plying their trade in England. (Who knows in 1975 who two of them were? The ghost of Swift is smiling.)

Yet now and then important books do appear: books that still matter after ten or twenty or fifty years. No fiscal vacuum sucked them into existence. They would have been written word for word as they are, system or no. And more often than anyone realizes they have been privately printed. T. S. Eliot's *Prufrock and Other Observations* was in part capitalized by a £5 loan from Dorothy Pound, and his *Poems* (1920) was manufactured on Leonard and Virginia Woolf's hand press. "Shakespeare & Co." (Paris) was incorporated solely to publish *Ulysses*. William Carlos Williams' first viable publisher, New Directions, was established when he was over fifty; by then he had issued a small shelf of hand-to-mouth volumes. The system took, in each instance, either no notice at all or resentful notice. *Ulysses* was scandalous "news": Eliot was identified by a stalwart of the British reviewing fraternity as a "drunken helot." And "major" reputations no one can now remember went on being manufactured, as they have been since Swift's day.

SUCH A SYSTEM, trading as it does in fictitious commodities, depends upon the great public having no idea that it even exists. From Swift to Wyndham Lewis, whoever has ventured to describe it has been written off as paranoid, or simply jealous. Lewis made the most notable twentieth century effort, hampered, though, by British libel laws, which forced him into a rhetoric of hints and parables. It was easy to suppose that he was reporting bad dreams.

Hugh Kenner *teaches at Johns Hopkins.* . . . **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.** *is editorial page editor of the* Greensboro Daily News. . . . **Malachi B. Martin** *is religious editor of* NR.

Richard Kostelanetz, however, offers hard information (and has also obtained, let us hope, good legal advice). His retelling yet once more of the dreary story—whose books are published, whose reviewed, whose praised; what quarrels and loyalties determine the selection of this season's geniuses—spins a web of names, dates, quotations, statistics.

Thus Jason Epstein, a Random House vice president, founds *The New York Review*, and behold, in its first five years, "of the 45 writers reviewing ten or more times, 23 have been Random House authors"; and in the 1968 issues, "17 of 73 books singled out for

individual review (more than 23 per cent)" were published by the Random House conglomerate. In the Seventies, "Random House's growing enthusiasm for leftish critiques coincided with that of *The New York Review*, each publishing the other's almost exclusively male-Caucasian 'radical' authors [list of 35 names] *all* of whom eventually appeared in Vintage paperbacks as well." (Vintage is Random's paperback operation.)

"Whatever was hyped in one medium would be peddled through another. *The New York Review*'s interest in Black Panthers complemented Random House/Vintage books by Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale, the New York Panther 21 and their attorney. . . . All the articles by and about the Berrigan brothers accompanied the purchase, by Review Presentations Inc. [an *NYRB* front], of exclusive distribution rights to Lee Lockwood's film about Brother Dan . . ."

And so on, even to a census of "The New York Literary Mob During the Past Decade," 144 names in four "Onion" categories, Center, Inner Leaves, Middle Leaves, Outer Leaves.

Quote again: "In *Commentary*, as in the other New York literary-mob publications, nearly all contributors think within a frame of intellectual explanation established by Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud, the two patriarchs of the Jewish intelligentsia, both of whom belong to a cultural period that ended at the latest with the Second World War (and perhaps with the First)." So "a nineteenth century concern with sociopsychological meanings, coupled with a neglect of formal invention"—formal invention involving as it does electronic and cybernetic awarenesses —"partially explains why its favored 'critics' are so obtuse about post-Joycean experimental literature and absolutely unable to understand the non-literary arts."

Bullseye. It is dreadfully *old-fashioned* wrangling—as though the terms of discourse were traceable to George Eliot—that dominates the mob scene.

WHETHER the mob scene dominates the intellectual scene to the extent that Mr. Kostelanetz supposes is another question. He devotes as much space as he does to *The New York Review* in part because juicy material abounds—other exposé books and articles, the Podhoretz autobiography. Yet its chief discernible function, he elsewhere almost casually remarks, has been the exportation of mob values to gullible provincial professors. There's much less on the *New York Times*, still less on the golden datum—stated but *not* dwelt on—that because most books are reviewed in publication week they are chosen for review before they've been published, which means that assignment sheets are replete with the names of already familiar authors, whose new titles at least will be "news."

There's no confrontation at all with the central and elusive topic, why books are bought and read at all, what "taste" may mean, how much anyone's system of preferences may be accidental, how far we like what confirms our prior likings, and to what extent it may be well that we do. For there are continuities to intelligent writing, as there are to personal tastes. One hopes for some coincidence between the two. But the continuities that interest Mr. Kos-

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telanetz seem mostly conspiratorial; intelligence, on the other hand, he tends to apprehend in the form of lists. The people on the active lists are all 38 or younger; anyone else is presumably not part of the problem.

So "intelligent writing" gets identified *a priori* with a) the unfettered experimentation of b) very young men. More conscientious than Swift's hack, he not only proposes the existence of fully 340 poets, all born 1937 or after, whose talent he can certify, he lists their names in alphabetical order, adding moreover 215 fictioners, 53 playwrights, 216 essayists. That's 824 names unless I've miscounted, and "any 'critic of contemporary writing' who cannot identify works by 15 per cent of them should, perforce, retire into the Academy to lecture on people and periods already past."

Fifteen per cent of 824, that's 123.6. Have there ever at any time been 123 writers under 39 whose work it behoved one to be familiar with? Would it be good for anyone's mind to be distracted by all that? Has it been good for the mind of Mr. Kostelanetz?

For he assumes that, if the mob would just lay off and if publishing were less venal, the live stuff, made available, would sell. I fear not; public education takes time, and too many steps have been missed. What is a public that makes nothing of George Oppen and Louis Zukofsky (both now in their seventies) going to make of the minimalists and concretists who excite Mr. Kostelanetz?

BUT HE DOESN'T see the problem this way; he cites Oppen and Zukofsky in a list of ten "older, non-mob, first-rate Jewish writers" who because of mob machinations "did not become prominent until the Sixties." The innocent reader may suppose that they're now taken care of. Not so. Their books, it's true, at last became accessible. But Zukofsky's went back out of print amid deafening silence (when I proposed to the *New York Times Book Review* a summary piece on his career the idea was curtly refused), and as for Oppen, a current book of mine, the first from a major publisher to pay him any heed at all, draws complaints from a friendly reviewer for the space it inexplicably devotes to "people like George Oppen."

I cite these facts not in petulance but to testify that my experience of the situation is different from Mr. Kostelanetz'. It's simply not true that what breaks past the mob's cordon and becomes available is taken to even a minority public's bosom. What the mob guards and promotes is not only distinct from intelligent writing, it always was. And values are slow to change, and always have been. And there have never been, from Homer's time till now, 824 vital intelligences simultaneously alive in the world, let alone in one country. There may be, at the most, five or six, and a lifetime's work is discovering who they may be. □

King James VI of Scotland; I of England
By Antonia Fraser
Knopf, 224 pp., $12.95

JAMES MADE EVEN STRANGER

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Having bracketed the fascinating figure of James I in previous biographies of his mother, the Queen of Scots, and of Cromwell, the nemesis and executioner of his son, Antonia Fraser seemed destined to write about him. And this she has done—but strangely. She finds James an abler king than is commonly portrayed—Trevelyan, who is typical, calls him "comic." But she has written a cameo, a sketch, which in its elegant way features the unusual and has the perverse effect of rendering James a stranger figure than he was. And he was quite strange.

James, while in some ways sympathetic, lacked qualities usually deemed essential to a prince. He was a coward, a physical wreck, and a man of unorthodox sexual predilections. At the age of 13 he fell madly in love with a male French cousin, Esmé Stuart, sent to his court as emissary of the Guise family. Years later, by now Queen Elizabeth's successor on the English throne, his unseemly mooning over the royal favorite, Buckingham, stirred the ridicule of the court. But he could always explain—he had a penchant for explanations: "Jesus Christ," he told the Privy Council one day in 1617, "did the same and therefore I cannot be blamed. Christ had his John and I have my George." Lady Antonia believes, in fact, that James's aberrations stemmed, like those of his descendant George III, from porphyria. But contemporary glimpses were not so sympathetic. According to one, written by Anthony Weldon, his tongue was too big for his mouth; his skin "as soft as taffeta sarsnet"; he never washed his hands, and he walked only with the support of others, "his fingers ever in that walk fiddling about his codpiece."

James's eldest son, the doomed Prince Henry, found him professorial. And indeed, crammed with learning from childhood, he took an eager (but often self-defeating) scholarly interest in almost everything, from the nature of kingship to tobacco and witchcraft (which he resoundingly denounced in royal pamphlets). For a king, he had a strange sense of humor. Told that the English people would like to see more of him, he blurted: "God's wounds, I will pull down my breeches and they shall also see my arse."

The circumstances of his birth (hard) and youth (harrowing) make him seem, all told, a specimen barely snatched from oblivion. Scotland was a nest of feudal intrigue when he was born there in June 1566. By the time of his baptism, his father, the doomed intriguer Lord Darnley, had vanished. And since his mother insisted on the Catholic rite, Queen Elizabeth, though she was the royal godmother, bade her representative "lurk . . . outside the chapel . . . like a bad fairy to signify the firm protestantism of her mistress."

SCOTLAND'S extreme instability was perhaps the result of generations of child-kings and child-queens. There had been no adult successor to the Scottish throne since the fourteenth century. Mary had become queen when six days old; James himself was only 14 months of age when turbulent courtiers forced Mary's abdication in his favor. And with the high assassination rate, the kingdom ran through regents like tissue. James "grew to manhood wearing a padded doublet against the steel of assassination" and "his neurotic fears concerning his safety were the talking point of his generation." The start was not auspicious.

Yet if English monarchs were measured by the state of literature in their reigns—and under the eye of eternity perhaps there is no better measure—this curious cripple would surpass all others. Every schoolboy knows that "the most high and mighty Prince James" after succeeding Elizabeth in 1603

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presided over the richest burst of genius in our literature—not only the translation of the great King James Bible, which he encouraged, but the great tragedies and later comedies of Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, Lady Antonia suggests, was a nod at James's fascination with witches, while *The Tempest* was partly a *pièce d'occasion* for the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth). And there was the sublime prose and poetry of Dr. John Donne, James's favorite preacher, whom he made royal chaplain and then dean of St. Paul's.

Lady Antonia also tries to make the case, however, that James I was a reasonably good administrator. If so, Scotland, where order was a thin crust indeed and where contention over church governance was murderous, was no school for monarchs. It was Robert Cecil who decided that James would be king of England, although his claim was not "incontrovertible." Had the crown not fallen to him, was it in his character to fight or intrigue for it? One doubts it. Yet his theoretical views on monarchy were extreme. His advocacy of divine right was of a piece with his dogmatism on religion (at once Calvinist and Arminian, an odd combination). A king was God's anointed; and if he were a bad king? "Even a bad king, he argued, had his inalienable rights over the people, on the grounds that he had been sent by God to punish the people . . ."

GIVEN THAT James, like all the Stuarts, was a free spender this was not congenial doctrine to lay before an English Parliament increasingly Puritan, self-assertive, and affected by Coke's queer notion that kings—even kings—were under common law. These political tensions, as we know, were to reach a snapping point only after James's death. But James, pedantic and doctrinaire, brought to England the fatal virus of princely prerogative that was to be his second son's undoing. Its psychological sources, in the misty realm of feudal Scotland, seem obvious: where government is strong and settled there is far less theorizing from first principles about right than where it is shaky. And in Scotland it was very shaky.

Conceivably, a larger and more leisurely portrait of James VI and I would also be a soberer one. Lady Antonia, his new-found friend, focuses not only on the warts but on all the tics, infirmities, complaints, and neuroses—her narrative constantly threatening to ignore all else for what is bizarre, arresting, diverting, and faintly scandalous. Had such a profile appeared in the press of James's day—had such a press, indeed, existed—it would qualify as yellow journalism. Since it is obvious that James I stirs the author's sympathy, she must plan to redeem him with a longer, more considered biography. Otherwise, it would be a mercy to leave James to his familiar enemies, the old Whig historians. □

The Common Catechism: A Book of Christian Faith
Seabury Press, 690 pp., $10.95

MENTAL MORATORIUM

MALACHI B. MARTIN

One of the surest and most pathetic signs of that bleak event called dying and death is the spastic thrashing of limbs you note in headless chickens, chopped snakes, and landed fish, and in the pointless automatism of still growing hair and nails in a corpse. Real life has fled. But the thrust to reproduce past activity goes on—for a while. For some years now, ecumenism seems to have consentiently accepted its failure to provide anything but a pleasant feeling. (It did make churchmen civil to each other.) It could have been a training ground for some vital development. Now, with the publication of *The Common Catechism*, you know that, while all life has left ecumenism, we are still going to be bothered by that distressful thrashing and those disturbing growths of a dead thing.

The *Catechism* has as much relation to the life of the Church of Jesus in the mid-Seventies as a treatise on leeches has to modern hematology. It is actually a 690-page celebration by Catholic and Protestant theologians, together with their editors, of their nice intellectual agreements based partly on the mental hairsplitting of an outmoded German theological liberalism, partly on a "gentlemanly" retreat from mutually unacceptable positions (so useful once upon a time on croquet lawns), and steeped in the impossible conviction that no one is wrong, no one is right, agreement is truth, vagueness of statement is breadth of judgment, and faith comes from theologians in dialogue with each other. You need not be a believer in order to read this book. If you are a believer, do not read it.

As a compilation of viewpoints, of course, the *Catechism* has the same crippling deficiency which originally throttled ecumenism before it ever saw the Second Spring. Ecumenists gathered around the Bible as chicks around an incubator lamp. You could not do much about the Church (or the churches), or even about tradition. But everyone can read the same book. This was the rallying point, the common—if surrogate—mother.

It was a mistake, because the Bible never united Christians or anyone else. On the contrary, at least since October 1517, it has spawned over two thousand differing and warring Christian sects. After all, a book is a book is a book. I can read it just as well as you can. And everyone claims to be the only real child of that mother.

ADD TO these shambles that, by mid-twentieth century, this Book had become a feast of intellectualisms. For the "higher criticism" of both Catholics and Protestants, the New Testament became a record merely of what its ancient authors in the last half of the first century believed or thought they believed about Jesus. Not, mind you, in any reliable way a record of what Jesus said and did and *was*. Why? No historical proofs.

Now, when you concentrate exclusively, as ecumenists did, on the New Testament as the prime source of your knowledge of and belief in Jesus; when you decide, as the authors of the *Catechism* did, that all you have in the New Testament is what people believed or thought they believed some forty to sixty years after the disappearance of Jesus (but you don't really know what Jesus said or did or *was*); and when it is axiomatic that you exclude the guidance of a teaching authority, but rely on the human cerebration of club members; then you are bound to end up as the *Catechism* does. You have a "Jesus of faith" who is not to be identified with Jesus of Nazareth. And you have, not religious belief stemming from an

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unbroken living tradition, but an intellectual agreement among a wide variety of thinkers who take it that the lowest common denominator of opinion is sufficient substitute for revealed truth.

The treatment of Jesus' Resurrection in the *Catechism* is a crucial case in point. After nearly forty pages of discussion (isn't it enlightening to be told that, whereas Luke had a tendency to "reification," John was against it?), we learn that the Resurrection means—hold your seats—that "God identified himself with Jesus and his cause." You are warned not to be as "materialistic" as Luke tends to be, because "Jesus did not just come back to life as we know life."

You need not, and you should not, be so materialistic as to believe that Jesus was alive again in his body, but just that "God raised him up." (In the *Catechism*, the phrase is approximately equivalent to saying American public opinion "raised up" Martin Luther King, and Indian public opinion "raised up" Mahatma Gandhi, after their respective assassinations.) And, even if you accept this bit of mental obfuscation, remember that between the "risen Jesus" and Jesus of Nazareth there is not, these gentlemen are telling us, any humanly recognizable identity. On this point, as on other important ones, the *Catechism* provides a field day for the slobbery comprehensiveness of the deist and the choosiness of the ethical culturist and the Humanist Manifesto-er alike.

THE central blotch of the *Catechism* is obvious by now: it does not reflect what is happening to living faith in the Church, but—as so often happens—merely the mental moratorium in which academics and ecclesiasts often dally while the living members of the Church are on another plateau and grappling with a completely different facet of the Christian reality.

Ecumenists in their heyday planned a Second Spring which, of course, never went beyond blueprints, international meets, and such mentalistic feats as this *Catechism*. And while these somersaults were taking place (the *Catechism* is one of the more awkward flourishes), there had started a new sense of commonalty in Jesus among the living members. For them, Church institutions and churchmen and contemporary theology have taken on a quiet, steady transparency. They are looking through all of that accumulated deadweight materiality at a fresh vision of Jesus and the Church of Jesus. But, meanwhile, the Church thinkers are still thrashing about with the dead issues and, in that ultimate of human banalities, the abracadabra of in-groups, producing useless growths in an automatism that betokens only a difficult death, while the faith of believers leaves them far behind.

These men need advice. And men who tell us we cannot know what sort of living being Jesus was after His Resurrection should reread with prayerful simplicity and humility the Gospel accounts of Thomas examining Jesus' living body, and how Jesus asked to be fed with bread and fish on the shore of Lake Galilee. For this is what Jesus is telling us. Meanwhile, as a manual of intellectual civility among theologians, the *Catechism* may serve a limited social purpose. As a book of living Christian faith, it is as useful as a medieval treatise on astrolabes would be to the astrophysicists at Jodrell Bank. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

H. G. WELLS & REBECCA WEST, *by Gordon N. Ray (Yale University Press, 215 pp., $7.95)*. Mr. Ray is not a bad writer, and he quotes extensively from two very good writers indeed, his subjects. The book is further enlivened by reproductions of a score of Wells's letters to Rebecca West, all of which contain amusing little sketches. As an account of the unsuccessful attempt of two volatile, highly intelligent people to conduct a happy love affair, *H. G. Wells & Rebecca West* is fascinating—but, I fear, almost prurient. I don't, for the most part, mean pornographic; I mean that I'm not at all sure anyone but the principals has any business knowing most of what Mr. Ray tells us. The fact that Dame Rebecca allowed him to interview her absolves him of the charge of invading her privacy, but not of a lack of taste. The argument that we have a right to know how a novelist transmutes what he sees into art is powerful, though debatable; but Mr. Ray does not seem primarily concerned with this question, thus robbing himself of the one excuse for writing this sort of book.

LINDA BRIDGES

HUNGER'S ROGUES: *On the Black Market in Europe, 1948, by Jacques Sandulescu (Harcourt, 280 pp., $7.50)*. Here is one of those books I would never have read by my own choice but which, on the happy chance of a reviewing assignment, I heartily savored and can heartily commend. Huckleberry Finn lives. Some of his soul, at least, some of Rabelais' and Runyon's too, comes roistering through the pages of this fine reminiscence of life and larceny in the DP camps that were home for the human rubble of postwar Germany. Deported from his native Rumania at 16 for slave labor in the Russian coal fields (an ordeal recounted in his earlier book *Donbas*), Jacques Sandulescu by 19 had escaped to the West, recovered his health, and been selected among a lucky few for emigration to Canada. During his final months in Europe, though, boyish daring and a splendid opportunism soon had him living high and dangerous in the black-market culture that flourished outside the grim ration-card economy of the time. Celebrating the lovable brigands and piratical entrepreneurship of that scene is a natural for picaresque fiction; only with Sandulescu it's autobiography, and it works exuberantly well. One wonders how much is true coin; best bite on it and judge for yourself, but none of it rang phony to me. The writing is a joy unalloyed; like Conrad and others who came late to English, this man uses it with respect and clean precision.

J. K. ANDREWS JR.

ART CHRONICLES: *1954-1966, by Frank O'Hara (Braziller, 165 pp., $12.50)*. Since his untimely death at the age of forty in 1966, Frank O'Hara, poet, critic, and curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, has been made—by his former colleagues and by the Abstract Expressionist artists whose work he pushed—into a kind of cult figure. His collected poems won the National Book Award in 1971, and last spring the Whitney Museum honored him with a special show, "Frank O'Hara: Poet among Painters." This selection from interviews and articles about American painters and sculptors of the 1950s shows him to have been gifted with more than usual perception into aesthetic developments which, when they occurred, occasioned mostly puzzlement on the part of many of his elders; his appreciations of the evolution of Jackson Pollock and the sculptor David Smith are full of insights and acuities and are well worth reading. Unfortunately, O'Hara seems to have become somewhat seduced by the sound of his own words; he fell, moreover, into the trap of overestimating the also-rans of the Abstract Expressionist movement—Franz Kline, for instance, whose reputation has suffered badly since his death, and Philip Guston. One gets the impression that he could not bear not to praise his friends. And since, as the biographical notes at the end of the book make clear, he was friends with Everybody who was Anybody in those days, many of his assessments seem overstated and lacking in discrimination.

RUTH BERENSON

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

SINGLE CATHOLIC CONSERVATIVE intelligent, literate, W. Va., man, 30, seeks correspondence with like-minded woman. Write NR Box 1914.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

BEN LANSDALE:

Who Pays Taxes?

Only people pay taxes. The corporate income tax is a cost like raw material, rent, wages, and so forth which is passed along to the consumer, buried in the price he pays for the products or services. Higher taxes result in higher prices and lower taxes means lower prices.

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WILLIAMSON

(Continued from page 567)

him, describes the sort of event from which the modern intellectual derives sustenance. "Uppity women unite!" says a wall sampler in the office of a butch-looking woman.

A bookman may have the pleasure of an enlightening whiff of a lecture on Modern American Literature in performance around the corner ("I believe it was Rex Reed who said . . .") before he ducks into a cubicle to stick a young pedagogue with a brochure for a new rhetoric text. But the market may not be interested. He may want to tell the rep about a book he's written on Women in Literature that nobody will publish because he teaches at a hick college and because editors are "too timid to trust their own instincts about a manuscript." "Look," the rep can say: "a good book is a book that sells good. We don't give a damn who wrote it." After writing onto his business card the name of an editor back at the home office, he retreats, with all the exuberance of his own verbosity.

Across campus in the Department of Political Science, he whoops up a hefty tome full of juicy left wing thoughts. "Too difficult for my kids," says the Doctor. "This ain't Harvard. My kids are the dumbest things on two legs. Also, we have an Administration here of mossback bourgeois types. I couldn't get this thing past them." So how about this really great book on Executive privilege? "Well, maybe. Send me a copy. I don't promise to read it, though. I'm a lazy son of a bitch or I wouldn't be in this business."

If the salesman hasn't a list in Secretarial Science or a book for the Adolescent in Literature course, maybe he's done for the day, except for checking out the college bookstore (which he should have done *first*) to see what everybody's adopting these days. The only books not ordered for required reading are on witchcraft and Loving. The rancid odor of stale fries rides across from the cafeteria on waves of rock.

It's a two-hour drive to the seat of the next beneficiary of HEW, in the neighborhood of which is another room in brown and orange—or perhaps it's green and blue. On the cover of the Room Service menu is a picture of a waiter in scarlet tails, bearing a roast boar and a bottle of wine on a silver tray. Before 9 P.M. you can order up a cheeseburger wrapped in foil. □

BRADLEY

(Continued from page 559)

zeal of Western politicians, the West has the power to take measures which would maintain and perhaps increase the supply of oil from the Arab states.

Until now, at least, no political party of the West has adopted the view of those who advocate seizing Arab territories because they dislike Arab oil policies. We are still civilized enough to concede to the Arabs, however grudgingly, sovereignty over their lands and resources. What has not been conceded to the Arabs is the freedom to invest in the Western nations without fear that their investments will be seized. It is surprising, given the pervasiveness of the robber baron mentality, that the Arabs continue to pump oil at a rate requiring the creation of such huge amounts of hostage capital.

The oil importing nations could do much to help themselves if they took the lead in creating new international arrangements designed to reduce politically inspired uncertainties. Nations participating in such arrangements might agree to grant to the foreign investor every right enjoyed by the domestic investor. Any industry not open to the foreign investor would be identified; otherwise the foreigner and the native would have equal rights of entry to any investment area. A foreign investor who found his investment threatened by confiscation in any form would have the right to take his case to a court presided over by judges drawn from the participating countries. The court would be given the economic power to enforce its decisions.

Voluntary arrangements of this kind would not diminish any nation's sovereignty. Any nation that believed it had more to gain by leaving the agreement than by remaining within it would be free to leave; it might be permitted to re-enter whenever the court found it had satisfied its outstanding obligations to other participating countries.

By stimulating the international flow of capital, these arrangements would also stimulate the flow of oil from Arab wells. That the two flows are parts of a larger process should be plain to anyone who can see through the political haze to the economic relationships. And moreover, long after the issues in the oil controversy have faded from memory, the more civilized economic world that would result from these arrangements would continue to yield its dividends. □

GERMINO

(Continued from page 560)

stand that this "present-ism" is laced throughout with Benthamism, which William F. Buckley Jr. diagnosed as the current predilection for settling all matters, theological, philosophical, cultural, or whatever, by reference to Bentham's yardstick of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

When you choose as your standard in parlance and thought what is easiest for the vast majority, you obviously have chosen the lowest common denominator. This is already as bad as it could be in our plastic arts, our theater, our television programming, and our choice of bestsellers, where our taste scrapes the bottom of the barrel. But to do this in matters of worship is a fatal aping of our media's besetting defect. These ecclesiastics have opted for a "now" lingo instead of refurbishing a timeless language. For the Rite is our link between the dead and the yet unborn. And, in a historical religion like Christianity, it is the unbroken existence of verbal and conceptual vehicles which conveys authentically the age-old message of Christ down the centuries. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

What Happened?

New York, April 30—This much at least should be said in behalf of Henry Kissinger:

The treaty he initialed he would not have initialed if he had had any intimation that Congress would, in the months ahead, pull back from discharging its implicit obligations.

It should be recalled that in January 1973, Richard Nixon was triumphant. He had won the largest political victory in the history of the United States. The Congress, duly chastened by the successes of the Christmas bombing, was at his feet. Vietnamization was in effect. Our prisoners of war were returning. Who can doubt that if, instead of presenting the Paris Accords along with their implicit obligations, the President had asked the Congress to bind itself by them, that they would have sailed through both houses?

Kissinger did not doubt it, and he gave an assurance to Thieu in good faith. Thieu accepted that assurance, and this was his tragic mistake. Chiefs of State cannot afford to make such mistakes. But who could have anticipated Watergate?

A RECENT ISSUE of *New York* magazine features a close analysis of the behavior of Richard Nixon during 1973 and 1974 by John Osborne. He is the well-respected writer, associated with *The New Republic*, who developed a feature that became famous called "The Nixon Watch." Osborne concludes, in words of one syllable, that Richard Nixon, some time early in 1973, went—nuts.

This analysis sounds cruel, said about anybody. It is hard to understand why, when said about Richard Nixon. Is there a more charitable explanation for his behavior during 1973 and 1974 when Watergate closed in than that he was not in possession of his faculties? If, during those 18 months, he had been hypnotized by Tom Wicker, making statements and reaching decisions calculated to ensure the destruction of his Presidency, could he have acted more brilliantly to achieve that end? Why should conservatives shrink from reaching a conclusion merely because it has been advanced by a political liberal? John Osborne could very easily be correct, and if he is, the judgment of Nixon, far from becoming more severe, becomes more charitable. One does not expect responsible conduct from people who have lost effective control of their faculties.

All of which reminds us that for all we know about Watergate, in fact the great story has not been told. It is this: what would Nixon, under Kissinger's prodding, have done, if his reactions had been healthy, when only a few weeks after the Paris Accords were executed, the North began its blatant disregard of them?

My own information is that it was planned, some time in April, to pulverize Hanoi and Haiphong. If that had been done, not only would the North Vietnamese juggernaut have disintegrated, an entirely new meaning would have attached to the concept of detente. Remember, we are talking about a treaty that was initialed by the other two great superpowers, China and Russia, and that was broken only as a result of their active collaboration. Thus to have acted decisively would have had the effect not only of saving South Vietnam, but of warning the Soviet Union and China that detente is what we have always insisted it is: an invitation to our two principal antagonists to cooperate with us. Not an invitation to them to fish in troubled waters, to repeat the phrase President Ford used thumpingly when last he addressed Congress. When he uttered those words, they were bereft of meaning. What Russian general or Chinese theorist has any reason, at this point, to believe that detente is in fact anything other than that—an invitation to profiteer from America's unilateral attachment to a will-o'-the-wisp?

This does not bring South Vietnam back to life. But it gives one an idea of the incredible reaches of Watergate. It very probably drove Nixon out of his mind, and the result is a disequilibrium in world politics. There is nothing here to explain the strange, perverse failure of Congress, or to lessen the pain our allies must feel. But if Henry Kissinger is ever free to tell it all, we can hope that he would say something on this order. And that he will remember that Congress must not ever again be taken for granted. □

ON THE BLOODBATH *New York*, May 6—There is no doubting the courage and devotion to duty of the hundreds of Americans who covered every acre of South Vietnam over a period of years, transcribing for their huge Western audience the horrors of war. Several dozen of them died in the course of duty. One or two that I know of, and no doubt a dozen I never knew, were scarred by what they saw, crippled emotionally beyond their probable regenerative powers.

But now they are gone. Well, not quite. The paper lists one or two brave souls who, defying orders, elected not to claim their berths on that last helicopter. But they are like the captain, refusing to desert his ship, who finds himself paddling about in the water, the ship having sunk from underneath him. In the first place how are these reporters going to roam about the country undetected? Will they wear black pajamas and eat out of rice bowls? In the second place, how are they going to file their copy? Will they call in at the nearest office of Radio Hanoi, and slap down a dispatch, with the instructions: "Here, buddy, send this press collect to the *New York Times*: 'UNOFFICIAL COUNT TODAY HERE IN SAIGON IS 1,400 EXECUTIONS. THE LARGE STADIUM IN THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF THE CITY IS BEING USED AS AN AUXILIARY COMPOUND FOR 15,000 SOUTH VIETNAMESE ACCUSED OF TREASON BUT NOT YET TRIED . . .'" We might as well have a Lubyanka correspondent reporting on its singular contribution to zero population growth—why has nobody nominated these gentry for a Margaret Sanger award?

I predict: 1) An effective silence will enshroud activity in South Vietnam. Desultory reports will reach the rest of the world, even as they continue to do from East Germans who scale the Ber-

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lin Wall, and the occasional Chinese who swims the waters into Hong Kong. But these will not begin to give us a comprehensive idea of what the North is doing to the South.

2) The probability that the North will permit correspondents and operatives in the South is extremely slight. The only observers permitted within Hanoi during the long war were native sycophants, Soviet agents like Wilfred Burchett, and American curiosities like Jane Fonda and Ramsey Clark, who wish we would treat our prisoners in Attica as courteously as the North Vietnamese treated our prisoners of war. Why will they become less secretive, now that they have more to hide?

3) We are left with a unique opportunity for the United Nations. To the objection that what goes on in Vietnam is a purely internal affair, we have a very easy weapon, namely that most of the nations of the world, including the Soviet Union, dealt with South Vietnam as a separate state, and thus their representatives could easily claim the right to remain in South Vietnam as observers under UN auspices.

IT IS HARD to contend that the effort should not be made. The General Assembly should be convened for the purpose of lending its voice to the effort. If the great spokesmen for the Third World are disposed to argue that the United Nations has no proper business attempting to civilize the consequences of war, let them say it. And let those who disagree make their points.

It would prove of little consolation to the South Vietnamese, granted, to have to hang their hopes on the deliberations of the UN, but as a matter of form—and form is always important—it should be done. Meanwhile, I support NATIONAL REVIEW'S proposal [April 25] that we serve notice to the North Vietnamese that if confirmed accounts reach the United States that genocidal slaughter against the South is proceeding, the United States Air Force will proceed forthwith to atomize Hanoi. □

"Pass the word, 'Ivy League' is back."

CAMBODIAN REVISIONISM

New York, May 2 —Someone should stick a foot in the door quickly, before history closes on the assumption that the United States was responsible for ousting Sihanouk in the spring of 1970, and thus precipitating the chaos that led to large scale destruction of the country, and its deliverance to the Communists. It was not so.

Sihanouk, to begin with, was always a difficult man. He had petulantly broken relations with us in 1965 and, in 1963, had said, in reference to the assassination of President Kennedy, things so coarse as not to warrant repeating.

But by 1969 it had become clear to Sihanouk that great parts of his country were being used by the North Vietnamese to stage their war against South Vietnam. This did distress Sihanouk, and it was during that period that he communicated to Chester Bowles his tacit agreement that the United States should feel free to bomb unoccupied parts of Cambodia in order to interfere with the logistics of the North Vietnamese.

But the North Vietnamese were not thus easily stopped, and although Sihanouk invited a reestablishment of American representation in Phnom Penh this was done with great diplomatic trepidation, lest it should appear that, moving in force, the Central Intelligence Agency was set on taking over the country.

Sihanouk's problems began in the Parrot's Beak, the area which in due course the United States moved against militarily in the famous Cambodian incursion that, for reasons hard to fathom, shook the country. There the natives began spontaneous demonstrations against the presence of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, and held Sihanouk, who was vacationing in Paris, publicly responsible for a failed diplomacy that made possible an approach by hated foreigners on their beloved land. The Prime Minister at that time was no less than Lon Nol, who sent a delegation to Paris to beg Sihanouk to take the demonstrators seriously. He did nothing of the sort, vowing vengeance upon his return to Cambodia, which he had scheduled after a visit in Moscow. But the demonstrations spread, and a week later, Cambodians were sacking the embassy of North Vietnam. Pressure intensified, and on March 18 the Parliament removed Sihanouk as Chief of State and gave his power to the Prime Minister, Lon Nol. Lon Nol was instantly conciliatory, and offered to the North Vietnamese reparations for damage done to their embassy. He did, however, demand that the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese vacate territory they were illegally using in Cambodia. The United States incursion came a full six weeks later.

AT THE TIME that Lon Nol was replaced, the entire complement of United States officials in Phnom Penh consisted of: one Chargé (a junior Foreign Service Officer), an administrative officer, a budget and fiscal officer, one military Attaché from the Air Force, a sergeant, a communicator, and two secretaries. That is not the kind of task force you use to overthrow governments.

It soon became clear that the Communists within Cambodia, though they numbered only an estimated 10,000, had been carefully organizing for 15 years to take power, and were allying themselves with the North Vietnamese for the purpose of making a united effort. These Khmer Rouge were—indeed, are—a bloody lot. The leadership, of course, was North Vietnamese and they were off to a jolly start by sweeping in on the north and disemboweling Lon Nol's brother, the police commissioner. A full month before the United States Army got involved, the NVA attack was at full strength, and had pushed 300 kilometers to the west, occupying the Angkor Wat temple complex, and reaching up to within 20 kilometers of Phnom Penh. The general population loathes the invaders and their quislings, but the doctrine by which the countryside is ruled by a few terrorists is well developed. When you have plenipotentiary power to execute transgressors and their families, you can produce a pretty docile and cooperative population. It is a study of the methods of the NVA and the Khmer Rouge that makes so very gloomy the predictions of those familiar with their inclinations, about the probable treatment of those who risked their lives in battle, only now to lose them, in all probability, in defeat. But treat with the contempt it deserves, the story that Lon Nol was put in power by the United States. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An international understanding — 47 37 73 214 140 150 23

B. An enthusiast — 68 34 25 9 46 91

C. Joined together — 80 77 145 148 22 111 67 132 152 222

D. A small publication sent to a special group — 86 89 53 78 170 154 196 201 207 213

E. "Every one of the house of Israel or of the stranger that _____ in Israel." —Ezekiel 14:7 — 98 92 33 103 106 142 149 171 198 127

F. A town in Belgium; scene of several battles, World War I — 114 164 50 185 211

G. What the pope reads (beats *New York Times* and *Washington Post*!) — 65 7 41 58 63 88 97 117 85 107 / 112 119 136 153 178 189 192

H. I CUFF A LION — 116 131 139 30 137 156 44 120 190 79

I. An apparatus for sending pictures electrically — 8 18 39 51 81 94 29 64 71

J. To exile by a certain process — 134 167 11 96 175 110 43 17 181

K. A pleasant style of life — 155 5 15 87 108 126 133 138 162 102 / 32

L. People who keep the Sabbath — 26 19 176 123 135 141 168 186 205 191

M. Hirohito's predecessor — 197 165 187 54 216 199 210 48 143

N. One of Wilson's secrectaries of agriculture — 217 177 90 212 121 194 113 49

O. Receding — 95 45 115 1 6 61

P. A New Orleans newspaper — 42 27 31 62 161 183 158 101 2 21 / 146 10 69

Q. A poor type of place for racing — 55 52 218 151 204 74 166 130

R. One who works with numbers (not a gambler!) — 163 60 125 66 83 129 157 159 160 4 / 40 56 72

S. A French composer — 173 104 179 195 28 20 14 70 206

T. RACE PIN ABRUPTLY — 180 59 82 35 118 144 188 193 200 219 / 99 124 208 172 13

U. American novelist (1885-1957) — 184 109 169 182 36 220 203

V. Young girl associated with a small town — 75 147 174 221 12 202 16

W. One of several New York City newspapers put out of business by strikes — 209 105 57 76 84 93 100 122 128 215 / 24 38 3

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 574 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 I		2 P	3 W		4 R	5 K	6 O	7 G	8 I	9 B	10 P	11 J	12 V	13 T
	14 S	15 K	16 V	17 J	18 I	19 L		20 S	21 P		22 C	23 A	24 W	25 B	26 L	27 P	28 S		29 I
30 H		31 P	32 K		33 E	34 B	35 T	36 U	37 A	38 W	39 I	40 R	41 G	42 P	43 J	44 H		45 O	46 B
47 A	48 M	49 N	50 F	51 I	52 Q		53 D	54 M	55 Q		56 R	57 W	58 G		59 T	60 R	61 O	62 P	63 G
	64 I	65 G		66 R	67 C	68 B	69 P		70 S	71 I	72 R	73 A	74 Q	75 V	76 W	77 C		78 D	79 H
80 C	81 I	82 T	83 R	84 W		85 G	86 D		87 K	88 G	89 D	90 N	91 B		92 E	93 W	94 I	95 O	96 J
	97 G	98 E	99 T	100W	101P	102K		103E	104S		105W	106E	107G		108K	109U	110J	111C	112G
113N	114F		115Q	116H	117G		118T	119G	120H	121N	122W	123L		124T	125R		126K	127E	128W
	129R	130Q	131H	132C	133K	134J	135L		136G	137H		138K	139H	140A	141L	142E	143M	144T	145C
	146P	147V	148C	149E		150A	151Q	152C		153G	154D	155K	156H	157R		158P	159R		160R
161P		162K	163R	164F	165M	166Q	167J	168L	169U	170D	171E		172T	173S		174V	175J	176L	177N
	178G		179S	180T	181J	182U		183P	184U	185F	186L	187M		188T	189G		190H		191L
192G	193T	194N	195S	196D	197M		198E	199M	200T	201D		202V	203U		204Q	205L	206S	207D	208T
209W	210M	211F	212N		213D	214A	215W	216M	217N	218Q	219T	220U	221V	222C					

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FIRING LINE IN ISRAEL

Two Programs Explore Mid-East Deadlock

Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin

"Was Israel responsible for Kissinger's failure?" In Tel Aviv, William F. Buckley, Jr. explores this possibility with Premier Rabin as they probe the recent stalemate in Middle East peace negotiations. The following week, Tel Aviv newspaper editor Shalom Rosenfeld and Professor Shlomo Avineri give aggressive and pacific viewpoints now held within their country.

SUNDAY MAY 18
Prime Minister
YITZHAK RABIN
9:30 PM on PBS★

SUNDAY MAY 25
" HAWK AND DOVE
WITHIN ISRAEL "
9:30 PM on PBS★

★ Subject to local scheduling

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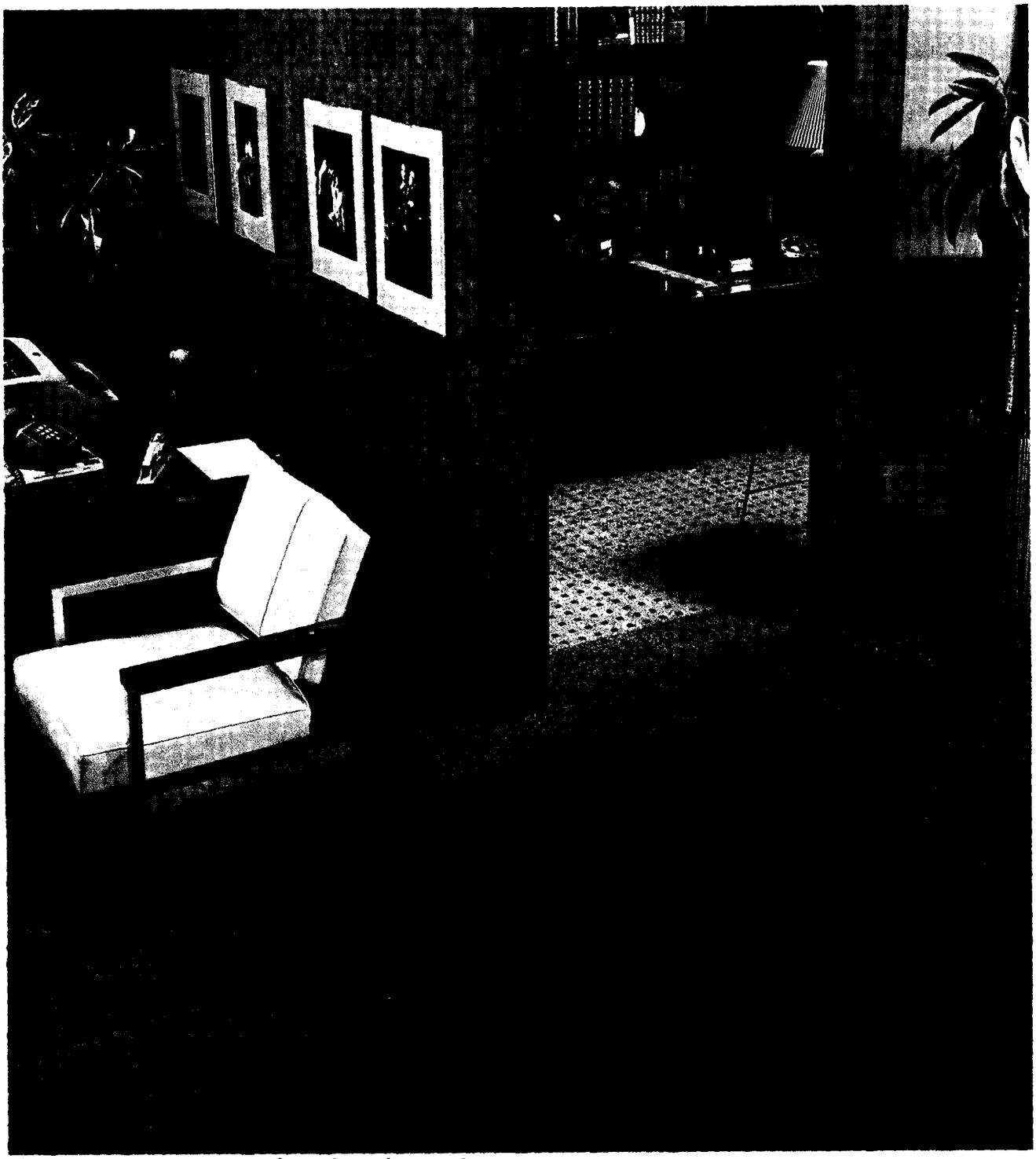

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